

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 572.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1828.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in America and Italy. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

OUR readers are aware, that a new and complete edition of the works of M. de Chateaubriand is being regularly put forth in Paris, and as regularly translated into English as the volumes appear. The present is a portion of that design.

Though the author, from the peculiarity of his style, and from the nationality of his sentiments, certainly loses in being transferred into any other language from his own French, we are inclined to review him rather in *our* than in *his* native tongue, for the same reason that we are very select in our notices of foreign literature. The truth is, that the field of English letters, in all its various produce, is so fertile and so important, that we find it difficult to keep up our history of it in a satisfactory manner. We wish our Gazette to be a fair report and ample record of the progress and state of literature, science, and the fine arts, as they are cultivated and developed at home; catching only such collateral lights from abroad as are necessary to the complete understanding of the whole in the circle of general improvement. Therefore, unless foreign works are remarkable for something new or essential, we rarely direct attention to them; our object being, not so much to borrow contributions from other countries, as to inform those countries of all that is done in England. When, indeed, any distinguished production issues from the continental press, or any valuable discovery is made, we are the first to spread the fame and describe the nature of either; but in ordinary cases we are not tempted to occupy those limits which are too narrow to do justice to our British contingents towards the grand republic of learning, and for the advancement of human intellect, by endeavouring to tell foreigners what they are better told by their own writers, or to cram our own countrymen with remote and sterile matters, in preference to what are more near and more interesting.

With this explanation of our course and system, we proceed to M. de C. in his English garb. The first volume commences with a preface, which contains a brief general sketch of all the principal voyages and travels, from the expedition of the Israelites under Moses, to that of Captain Franklin among the Esquimaux. It is a curious summary; more apposite, perhaps, to a collection of such undertakings than to the narrative of an individual wanderer. This is followed by an introduction, relating some of the family and personal biography of the author; and stating his inducements to fly from France and its sanguinary revolution in 1791, and seek relief in other scenes among the wilds of America. His chief purpose, at setting out, was to trace, by land, the much-discussed north-west passage;

* "I meant to proceed to the west," he tells his readers, "so as to attack the west coast of America a little above

which design is strikingly mentioned in the account of an interview he had with Washington at Philadelphia.

"He was," he says, "a man of tall stature, with a calm and cold rather than noble air: the likeness is well preserved in the engravings of him. I delivered my letter in silence: he opened it, and turned to the signature, which he read aloud, with exclamation, 'Colonel Armand!' for thus he called, and thus the letter was signed by the Marquis de la Rouairie. We sat down; I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me in French or English monosyllables, and listened to me with a sort of astonishment. I perceived it, and said with some emphasis, 'But it is less difficult to discover the north-west passage than to create a nation as you have done.' 'Well, well, young man!' cried he, giving me his hand. He invited me to dine with him the following day, and we parted. I was exact to the appointment. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French revolution. The general shewed us a key of the Bastille: those keys of the Bastille were but silly playthings, which were about that time distributed over the two worlds. Had Washington seen, like me, the conquerors of the Bastille in the kennels of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relics. The gravity and the energy of the revolution were not in those sanguinary orgies. At the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine demolished the protestant church at Charenton with as much zeal as it despoiled the church of St. Denis in 1793. I left my host at ten in the evening, and never saw him again: he set out for the country the following day, and I continued my journey."

Of the proceeding voyage from St. Maloes to Baltimore, and journeys thence to Philadelphia, to New York, to Albany, it is not necessary to speak in detail; but it yields a deep and sensible gratification to the mind to be enabled to contemplate these places as described only six and thirty years ago, and contrast them with their present condition. The prodigious improvement in the chief cities, the immense increase of wealth and prosperity, the rapid advance in all that refines and exalts the character of man, the conversion of impenetrable forests and savage wildernesses into populous

the Gulf of California. Thence following the outline of the continent, and keeping constantly in sight of the sea, my intention was to travel northward as far as Behring's Strait, to double the last cape of America, to pursue an eastern course along the shores of the Polar Sea, and to return to the United States by Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Canada. What determined me to traverse so long a coast of the Pacific Ocean, was the slight knowledge we then had of that coast. Doubts were still left, even after the researches of Vancouver, relative to the existence of a passage between the 40th and 60th degree of north latitude: the river Colombia, the bays of New Cornwall, Cheikhoff's Strait, the Aleutian regions, Bristol or Cook's Bay, the land of the Indian Tchukches, had none of them been yet explored by Kotzebue and the other Russian and American navigators. Now-a-days Captain Franklin, avoiding a circuit of several thousand leagues, has spared himself the trouble of seeking in the west what was only to be found in the north."

states, where industry and the arts and the sciences flourish — these are glorious changes, and afford a proud example of what freedom and its natural energy can accomplish — no less than the formation (within so brief a period as the span of human life) of a new world!

Upon such themes M. de C. is prone to dwell in that poetical and imaginative vein which is one of the great characteristics of his writings; of this we shall offer a few specimens. Our first are from the prefatorial *oup d'eil*.

"The cities of India now blend the architecture of the Bramins with Italian palaces and Gothic monuments: the elegant carriages of London are seen travelling together with palanquins and caravans the roads of the tiger and the elephant. Large ships ascend the Ganges and the Indus: Calcutta, Bombay, Benares, have theatres, learned societies, printing-offices. The country of the Thousand and One Nights, the kingdom of Cashmere, the empire of the Mogul, the diamond mines of Golconda, the seas enriched with oriental pearls, one hundred and twenty millions of men, whom Bacchus, Senostris, Darius, Alexander, Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, conquered, or attempted to conquer, have for their owners sold masters a dozen English merchants, whose names nobody knows, and who reside four thousand leagues from Hindoostan, in some obscure street in the city of London. These merchants care very little for that ancient China which is the neighbour of their one hundred and twenty millions of vassals, and which Lord Hastings offered to subdue with twenty thousand men. But then the price of tea would fall on the banks of the Thames! This is all that saves the empire of Tohi, founded two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven years before the Christian era; of that Tohi who was contemporary with Rehu, the great-grand-grandson of Abraham.

"In northern Africa, in the kingdom of Bornou and Soudan, properly so called, Clapperton and Denham found thirty-six towns more or less considerable, an advanced state of civilisation, and a negro cavalry armed like the knights of the olden time. The ancient capital of a Mahometan negro kingdom exhibited ruins of palaces, the haunts of elephants, lions, serpents, and ostriches. We are in momentary expectation of hearing that Major Laing has reached that Timbuctoo which is so well known and so unknown."

We quote the last paragraph with much anxiety; for we must confess that the time which has now elapsed without our receiving any certain accounts of our intrepid countrymen, Laing and Clapperton, fills us with extreme uneasiness respecting their probable fate. We hope in heaven that our apprehensions may be turned into gratulations; but this fearful climate has been destiny to so many gallant Europeans, that dread is beginning to usurp the place of hope in our hearts concerning those to whom we allude, with such an intense

desire to hear even a whisper of their well-being. We take refuge from the thought by resuming our author. Speaking of the Pacific ocean, he observes:—

"The Sandwich Islands form a kingdom civilised by Tamehameha. This kingdom has a navy composed of a score brigs and a few frigates. Deserters from English ships have become princes; they have erected forts, defended by excellent artillery; they carry on an active commerce, on the one hand with America, on the other with Asia. The death of Tamehameha has restored the power to the petty feudal lords of the Sandwich Islands, but not destroyed the germs of civilisation. There were recently seen at the Opera in London a king and queen of those islanders who ate Captain Cook, though they worshipped his bones in the temple consecrated to the god Rono. This king and this queen fell victims to the ungenial climate of England; and Lord Byron, the heir to the title of the great poet who expired at Misolonghi, was the officer appointed to convey the remains of the deceased sovereigns to their native islands:—remarkable contrasts and incidents enough, I think, in all conscience!"

This is a little of the bathos—more obvious in English than in French; but again:

"Columbus discovered America in the night between the 11th and 12th of October, 1492: Captain Franklin completed the discovery of this new world on the 18th of August, 1826. How many generations have passed away, how many revolutions have taken place, how many changes have happened among nations, in this space of three hundred and thirty-three years, nine months, and twenty-four days! The world no longer resembles the world of Columbus. On those unknown seas, above which was seen to rise a black hand, the hand of Satan, which seized ships in the night, and dragged them to the bottom of the abyss; in those antarctic regions, the abode of night, horror, and fables; in those furious seas about Cape Horn and the Cape of Storms, where pilots turned pale; in that double ocean which lashes its double shores; in those latitudes formerly so dreaded, packets perform regular voyages for the conveyance of letters and passengers. An invitation to dinner is sent from a flourishing city in America to a flourishing city in Europe, and the guest arrives at the appointed hour. Instead of those rude, filthy, infectious, damp ships, in which you had nothing but salt provisions to live upon, and were devoured by scurvy, elegant vessels offer to passengers cabins wainscoted with mahogany, provided with carpets, adorned with mirrors, flowers, libraries, musical instruments, and all the delicacies of good cheer. A voyage requiring several years' researches in latitudes the most various, shall not be attended with the death of a single seaman. As for tempests, we laugh at them. Distances have disappeared. A mere whaler sails to the south pole: if the fishery is not prosperous, she proceeds to the north pole: to catch a fish she twice crosses the tropics, twice traverses a diameter of the earth, and touches in the space of a few months the two extremities of the globe. On the doors of the taverns of London is seen posted the announcement of the sailing of the packet for Van Dieman's land, with all possible conveniences for passengers to the Antipodes, and beside that, the notice of the departure of the packet from Dover to Calais. We have pocket Itineraries, Guides, Manuals, for the use of persons who purpose to take a trip of pleasure round the world. This trip lasts nine or ten

months, and sometimes less; we set out in winter on leaving the opera; touch at the Canaries, Rio Janeiro, the Philippines, China, India, and the Cape of Good Hope; and return home for the opening of the hunting season. Steam-boats no longer care for contrary winds on the ocean, or for opposing currents in rivers; kiosks, or floating palaces, of two or three stories, from their galleries the traveller admires the most magnificent scenery of nature in the forests of the New World. Commodious roads cross the summits of mountains, and open deserts heretofore inaccessible; forty thousand travellers meet on a party of pleasure to the cataract of Niagara. On iron railways the heavy vehicles of commerce glide rapidly along; and if France, Germany, and Russia, thought fit to establish a telegraphic line to the wall of China, we might write to our friends in that country and receive their answers in the space of nine or ten hours. A man commencing his pilgrimage at the age of eighteen years, and finishing it at sixty, if he had gone but four leagues a day, would have travelled nearly seven times the circumference of our paltry planet. The genius of man is truly great for his petty habitation: what else can we conclude from it but that he is destined for a higher abode?"

A parallel drawn between Washington and Buonaparte displays much of M. de C.'s tact and discrimination; but we remember Plutarch, and hasten to plunge with his modern imitator into the wilds inhabited by the Onondagas, where, by the by, we are treated with a rather flat piece of pathos in a story about a poor Indian woman and a half-starved cow. The following is more amusing:—

"After traversing countries (says M. de C.) where there were no traces of inhabitants, I perceived the sign of an inn dangling from the branch of a tree by the road side, and swinging to and fro in the wind of the desert. Hunters, planters, Indians, met at these caravanserais: but the first time I slept in one of them I vowed it should be the last. One evening, on entering one of these singular inns, I was astounded at the sight of an immense bed constructed in a circular form round a post; each traveller came and took his place in this bed, with his feet to the post in the centre, and his head at the circumference of the circle, so that the sleepers were ranged symmetrically, like the spokes of a wheel, or the sticks of a fan. After some hesitation, I took my place in this singular machine, because I saw nobody in it. I was just dropping asleep, when I felt a man's leg rubbing along mine: it was my great devil of a Dutchman's [his guide, servant, and interpreter] who was stretching himself beside me. I never was so horrified in my life. I leaped out of this hospitable contrivance, cordially execrating the good old customs of our good old ancestors, and went and lay down in my cloak in the moonshine: this companion of the traveller's couch was nothing less than agreeable, cool, and pure."

Nature, indeed, seems at all times to have had potent charms for the author of the *Spirit of Christianity*. His Itinerary in the woods will illustrate this—it has an Ossianic strain.

"In vain I seek an outlet in these wilds; deceived by a stronger light, I advance through grass, nettles, mosses, lilies, and deep mould, composed of the remains of vegetables; but I arrive only at an open spot formed by some fallen pines. The forest soon becomes darker again; the eye discerns nothing but the trunks of oaks and walnut-trees, succeeding each other, and appearing to stand closer and closer ac-

cording to their distance: the idea of infinity presents itself to my mind.

"Six o'clock.—Having got a glimpse of another light spot, I proceeded towards it. Here I am at the point itself—a spot more melancholy than the forests by which it is surrounded. It is an ancient Indian cemetery. Let me rest awhile in this double solitude of death and nature: is there an asylum in which I should like better to sleep for ever?"

"Seven o'clock.—Being unable to get out of these woods we have encamped in them. The reflection of our fire extends to a distance: illuminated from below by the scarlet light, the foliage looks as if tinged with blood; the trunks of the nearest trees rise like columns of red granite; but the more distant, scarcely reached by the light, resemble, in the depths of the wood, pale phantoms ranged in a circle on the margin of profound night.

"Midnight.—The fire begins to die away; the circle of its light diminishes. I listen: an awful calm rests upon these forests; you would say that silence succeeds silence. In vain I strive to hear in a universal tomb some noise indicative of life. Whence proceeds that sigh? from one of my companions: he expresses pain, though asleep. Thou livest, then—thou sufferest—such is man!"

"Half-past Twelve.—The repose continues, but the decrepit tree snaps asunder: it falls. The forests rebbow; a thousand voices are raised. The sounds soon subside; they die away in almost imaginary distances: silence again pervades the desert.

"One A.M.—Here comes the wind; it runs over the tops of the trees; it shakes them as it passes over my head. Now it is like the wave of the sea, sadly breaking against the shore. Sounds have awakened sounds. The forest is all harmony. Are they the full tones of the organ that I hear, while lighter sounds wander through vaults of verdure? A short silence succeeds; the aerial music begins again: every where soft complaints, murmurs, which comprise within themselves other murmurs; each leaf speaks a different language, each blade of grass has its particular note."

[To be continued.]

Thaumaturgus. 12mo. pp. 137. London, 1828, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Milliken and Son.

WE have here a whim, a curious and unaccountable volume. It is the extravagance of an Irish giant—the attributes of a modern Hibernian Pantagruel—a wild and strange misapplication of learning and intelligence, upon a plan hardly worthy of the author's acquisitions and powers. In every page there is something to shew us that if the writer had chosen to be aught but eccentric, he could have employed his pen in another and superior way; yet even in his vagaries, out-heroding Herod, he displays talents which force us to like him, in spite of our disappointment in perusing his work. In fact, the absurdities appear to us to want aim; and perhaps it requires a sort of spirit different from the dogged sense of a Reviewer to enter into and enjoy such exaggerated sport as that in which *Thaumaturgus* indulges. He gives a history of his birth, clothing, accomplishments, &c. &c.—and any extracts will serve to exhibit the character of his style and humour. *Ex. gr. his Spurs*.

"These antique spurs, whose hoops of steel
Pernisulate my clattering heel,
By turns, in buskin, boot, or clog,
Were made for the 'man-mountain,' Gog;
This goodly ant'diluvian giant
Had of the deluge got a sly hint,

And—(as to stated by a Rabbi)—
Had begged a birth in Noah's cabin,
But could not in that monstrous hulk—
Th' of his longitude and bulk—
A nervous, though authentic, index—
Lie, sit, stand, kneel, or squat between decks;
Like Bacchus, who's portray'd a-straddle,
O'er pipe or pincushion, without saddle,
Gog, 'en answer, 'used the ark as
A cock-chow, to sustain his carcase,
Bastards its roof, and plumped those rowels
In the vast vessel's yearning bowels;
Maintain'd his seat (in tacks) by either leg,
Now by his leg, and now his weather leg;
And thus the Talmud scribes, who tell huge
Stories, swear Gog rode out the Deluge.

His Pipe and Snuff-Box.

"Deep as huge Teutobocchus' Chako,
The bowl where glows my rare tobacco—
(Whom phthisis tease not, tell can't tire)—I
Broke from the centre of Dhuwal'giri,
Earth's newly-known, yet bolded boss,
Which leaps in the clouds two coasts;
Its circuit, measured at the base, is
Full half a crore of Pundit's paces.
The pipe's lip-piece, wherewith I crann mouth,
Is the true wise-tooth of a mammoth,
Called by my body-servant, Toby,
On the alluvial isles of Oby;
Its soldering is of molten lava;
Its tube the upas-tree of Java—
That tree, wher'er I visit, grows gay;
I wear its blossoms as a nosegay.

Sol, at th' equator, crack'd (no small nut)
Earth's shell—like shell of roasted walnut;
I probed the centre of the infernal,
And scooped my snuff-box from the kernel,
Which fills that dark, deep-seated valley—
(Th' 's magnetic pole of Hailey);
The spheric mass of loam and rock
N'er suffered such convulsive shock
Since Adam made Eve bone of his bone—
It caused the earthquake that rased Liban."

A piece of his Visit to the Zodiac.

"Eftsoons the 'prophet's car was driven
Close by the winged steed of heaven,
I lightly rose, and nimbly sprung
Where Pegasus by Jove was hung;
Bestriding then his leins, I rode the hack
Right through the cycle of the Zodiac,
And played, *en passant*, eight or ten tricks
Amongst its denizen eccentrics.
I found—like stags in time of rutting—
Aries with Capricornus butting,
Dashed their colliding skulls together,
Which apposed both Goat and Wether.

Music, 'tis somewhere well expressed,
Bends oak and soothes the savage breast;
Leo looked mischievously sturdy—
I calmed him with my hurdy-gurdy,
Snatched from Olympus' sacred summit,
Where Orpheus had loved to thrum it;
And there, what ogling, cooing, billing,
Gavotting, waltzing, quadrilling,
'Mongst fauns and nymphs, from grove and grotto,
Who crowded to his gay ridotto.

I now, midst pastimes multifarious,
'Drew the long bow' with Sagittarius;
Nine times the monster's erring twang
Dismiss'd the arrow's wandering fang;
Of his vast object shooting wide,
(He aim'd each shaft at Taurus' side);
Sublimely mad-droit, the lion
Would raise a targe large as the moon,
And might have rivalled in renown
Him who of old won Gallien's crown.
Seeing th' indignant bow, I drew
Th' impelling string that sway'd the yew;
Brief time the dart was doomed to linger—
Its swift shaft chafed my index finger,
And, in the pit-pat of a pulse, I
Saw the barb'd point transfix the 'bull's-eye.'

Devils or demigods, I dare trim any—
So challenged the gymnastic Gemini;
And distanced, in successive heats,
The junior of the twin Athletics;
Levared the disdainful crest and tall looks
Of Jove's prime horse-breaker, proud Pollux.
To weight, as each Newmarket-man does,
We hung the Libra near 'the stand-house';
Toby the signal gave by tip o' drum,
And, whick! we flew along the Hippodrome,
Heaven's highway for colts, cabs, and gingles,
Mac-Admitted with starry shingles."

The exuberant fancy, the learning, and the
oblivion of rhyme, which pervade these extracts
and the whole of Thaumaturgus, will, we
think, induce our readers to wish with us
that we may again hear from the classic author
on a more generally intelligible theme.

*The Annual Biography and Obituary for the
Year 1828.* 8vo. pp. 476. London, 1828.
Longman and Co.

THE task of writing or compiling contemporary biography is a very difficult one; beset on either side by the Scylla of panegyric and the Charybdis of envy. The editor of this annual publication steers his way through the middle course as ably as is possible; and the consequence is, that his work is as respectable and trustworthy as it is possible for a publication of the kind to be. During the past year he has had no want, but an abundance, of materials furnished to him by the unsparing hand of Death. The high and the distinguished in every walk of life have fallen almost in crowds. The prince, the statesman, the hero, the poet, the artist, the man of letters, the critic, the divine,—all have succumbed to the merciless destroyer, in numbers beyond the space of an annual volume to commemorate. The editor has, therefore, done for some what mortal strength could not do for any of them—postponed their obituaries till another year! Still his list is very striking: our amiable friend Charles Mills; Flaxman, the foremost of British sculptors; the kind, the worthy, and the accomplished Miss Benger; Dr. Daubeny; also our lamented friend Lord de Tabley, the greatest patron of his country's native arts and artists; Dr. Evans, the useful historian of religious sects; the veteran of literature, John Nichols; Holloway, the engraver of the Cartoons; the worthy and eccentric Kitchiner; Lord Hastings; William Gifford, the ablest of critics; the Duke of York; Sir J. Brisbane; Mr. Cradock; Sir W. Stewart; the wealthy goldsmith, Rundell; Foscolo; and, last of all, he who concentrated in himself the gifts and acquirements of a long catalogue of afflictions, George Canning,—deplored by a nation at his tomb, and more and more lamented as the progress of events develops the calamity of his being taken from us at a time of difficulty, when his master genius was required to pilot us through the gloom and storm. Death's shafts have indeed flown thick; and the noblest and the best have been stricken down.

As the most public of these characters have been much noticed in various periodical works, we shall take the biography of Mr. Rundell, as most likely to afford something new to our readers, and fairly enough illustrate the work before us.

"It was observed by Dr. Johnson, that a man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is making money."

Mr. Rundell was born on the 15th January 1746, at Norton near Bath, where his family had long resided. His father was a maltster in extensive trade. Several branches of his family were settled at Bath, and some of them, at an early period of Mr. Rundell's life, were leading members of the respectable corporation of that city. His maternal uncle, Philip Ditcher, Esq. was an eminent surgeon at Bath, and was married to Miss Richardson, daughter of the celebrated author of Sir Charles Grandison, Pamela, &c.; and to this gentleman Mr. Rundell, in his early youth, owed many obligations, which he often mentioned with gratitude. His elder brother, Thomas, also an eminent surgeon, resided at Bath many years. He was subsequently appointed surgeon-general to the western district, and in consequence of that appointment removed to

* His Lordship has been succeeded, not in his title alone, but in his fine taste and love of the arts, by his son George, who, though only sixteen years of age, is already a most beautiful and skilful draftsman. His younger brother, William, is on his way to the same talents.

Plymouth. Mr. Rundell's younger brother, Francis, was likewise a surgeon at Bath, having been apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Ditcher. At an early age he was induced to go to India, where he was not more distinguished by his professional skill, than admired for the brilliancy of his wit and the variety of his accomplishments. This gentleman died in India, after having acquired a considerable fortune. The female branches of Mr. Rundell's family were all respectably married.

Mr. Rundell was educated at Bath, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Rogers, an eminent jeweller and goldsmith in that city. With him Mr. Rundell remained until he became twenty-one years of age, when he removed to London. It does not appear that during his stay with Mr. Rogers he manifested that devoted attention to business of which his subsequent life afforded so conspicuous an example. It is probable that a handsome person, joined to a disposition of considerable vivacity, frequently led him, in that early part of his life, to a relaxation of those habits which afterwards distinguished him. A few months before Mr. Rundell quitted Mr. Rogers's establishment, Mr. Bridge was introduced into it as his intended successor; and thus commenced an acquaintance which afterwards led to results the most prosperous to both parties. On his arrival in London, Mr. Rundell was introduced by a relation, Mr. Cartony, to the late Mr. Alderman Pickett, (who, however, had not then attained that dignity,) into whose establishment on Ludgate Hill he was accordingly received. This is believed to have been about the year 1771. It will not be uninteresting to introduce here a slight notice of the origin of that establishment which has since obtained such extensive and just celebrity. It was founded in the seventeenth century by a Mr. Hurst, who is represented to have been a man of high respectability, and also is said to have acquired a considerable fortune by his exertions there. Mr. Hurst was succeeded by Mr. Theed; this gentleman was originally a fishing-tackle maker; but Mr. Pickett, who was by trade a silversmith, having married into the family, and having been admitted into partnership with Mr. Theed, both trades were united, and hence came the sign of the Golden Salmon, by which the house has been ever since distinguished. It cannot be necessary to allude very particularly to the history of Mr. Alderman Pickett: his memory still survives in the improvements which he suggested and carried into execution in Pickett Street, near Temple Bar, which was named after him, and in Skinner Street, and other parts of the city of London. A melancholy occurrence in the family of Mr. Pickett, afforded an opening for Mr. Rundell's introduction into an active and important share of the business. As his youngest daughter was dressing, her clothes caught fire, and the accident terminating fatally, her father was so affected by the event, as to become indisposed for that active pursuit of trade in which he had formerly engaged. He accordingly admitted Mr. Rundell as a partner; Mr. Rundell receiving from his relations the pecuniary assistance which was requisite to enable him to take advantage of the opportunity. At this time the business of the house, compared with its subsequent extent, was very inconsiderable; and it is believed that at this period Mr. Rundell was still not distinguished by those habits of close and unrelaxing attention to it which he afterwards manifested. He was fond of theatrical amusements, having a niece named Harpur, (the original Rosina in

Shield's celebrated opera of that name,) who afterwards became the wife of the celebrated comedian long a favourite with the public, and commonly known by the familiar appellation of 'Jack Bannister.' With the late Mr. Wroughton also Mr. Rundell was intimately acquainted. An anecdote connected with these associations may here be mentioned, as an early indication of that liberality in which Mr. Rundell often indulged so largely. When King, the celebrated representative of Lord Ogleby, Sir Peter Teazle, &c. retired from the stage, his brother performers presented him with a silver cup, as a compliment to his professional talents, and as a mark of personal esteem. His widow afterwards falling into distressed circumstances, she requested Mr. John Bannister to dispose of this piece of plate for her: he mentioned the application to Mr. Rundell, who bought the cup in the ordinary way of trade; but instantly purchased it from the shop out of his private purse, and returned it to the widow. The approach of old age inducing Mr. Pickett to retire from business, he withdrew from an active participation in it, leaving his property embarked in the concern under the management of Mr. Rundell, upon certain conditions agreed upon between them. Shortly afterwards Mr. Pickett died, bequeathing to his daughter the benefit of his property in the business; his capital, by the terms of his will, not being to be withdrawn from it immediately. This lady having, as it is said, remonstrated with Mr. Rundell, on what she considered his occasional inattention to the important concerns of the business in which she had so large a stake, he proposed that she should resign the whole of it to him, in consideration of his allowing her an annuity, the amount of which should be determined by their mutual friends. The sum suggested by the persons referred to was 300*l*.; but Mr. Rundell insisted on paying her an annuity of 1000*l*. during her life; by these means he acquired the sole possession of the business. Shortly after this period Mr. Rundell took into partnership his old companion, Mr. Bridge, who also had come to London, and had been for some years an assistant in Mr. Alderman Pickett's shop. It has been observed by those who were acquainted with them, that perhaps two partners never met, whose tempers, though in many respects different, accorded so well in the prosecution of their common pursuits. Mr. Rundell was a man of first-rate talent in his business; of resolute opinion, high mind, and irritable temper, but with a disposition always ready to do a kind or generous action. Mr. Bridge was a man of equal talent, but mild and affable in his deportment, possessing great equality of temper, and a very engaging suavity of manners. The personal respect by which the late king, and, indeed, all the members of the royal family, condescended to distinguish Mr. Bridge, may be adduced as a convincing proof of his possessing those qualities. In this partnership each member of the firm devoted himself to the department for which it was considered that he was best qualified: Mr. Rundell superintending the manufactory and the shop, and Mr. Bridge applying himself, by personal visits to distinguished customers, to the increase of the patronage by which the celebrity of the house was established and supported; and conducting the correspondence with various foreign parts, which was necessarily incident to such an undertaking. Now commenced that devotedness to business, and that energy of exertion on the part of Mr. Rundell, which eventually brought his establishment

to a magnitude which will justify the denomination of its being the first of its kind in Europe. This object was in a great degree accomplished by his endeavouring to add the intelligent taste of the artist to the manual skill of the artificer; and for this purpose he had recourse, on all requisite occasions, to the choicest productions of art and the most admired relics of antiquity. Paintings, statues, gems, and other specimens of the antique, were referred to, in order to unite correctness of taste and accuracy of style to the perfection of exquisite workmanship. Many of the works which were produced from the manufactory of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, have been considered to rival, in classical conception and delicacy and splendour of execution, the productions of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. We may instance, as one of the most distinguished of these works, the splendid 'Shield of Achilles,' executed, according to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's directions, by the late Mr. Flaxman, and which is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest performances of modern art. We abstain from describing this *chef-d'œuvre* here, as we have already done so in a former part of this volume; we shall content ourselves with stating, on the present occasion, that it originated in the suggestion of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, unprompted by any order, or expectation of order, and at their own sole expense. For the model and drawing they paid Mr. Flaxman the sum of 620*l*. Four casts in silver gilt, beautifully and elaborately chased, were executed from Mr. Flaxman's model, and became the property of His Majesty, His Royal Highness the late Duke of York, the Earl of Lonsdale, and the Duke of Northumberland. Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of this production, when it is stated that the completion of each cast occupied two experienced workmen an entire twelvemonth. To this notice may be added that of copies equally creditable to the spirit and liberality of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, of the celebrated Portland and Warwick vases. Among other means by which the proprietors of this establishment sought to advance English manufacture in their particular trade, was that of obtaining the services of the best talents, both native and foreign, which could be procured. Accordingly, artists and workmen of distinguished ability always found in their manufactory a certain and liberal engagement; and by this accumulation of superior executive ability, they may almost be said to have accomplished what they are reported to have aimed at—the advancement of a manufactory nearly into a department of art. Nor has this increased reputation of our manufactory been confined to England. The various splendid services of plate, and the articles of jewellery and other costly work, which have at various times during the last half century been presented to official dignitaries and other persons in foreign countries, and have been ordered from this establishment by foreign potentates, must necessarily, from their acknowledged superiority, have raised the fame of English manufacture; and in this point of view the life of an individual whose peculiar and personal exertions have been thus useful, acquires an interest which that of the mere manufacturer, however wealthy, never could possess. About the year 1797, on the retirement of Mr. Duval from the employment, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge were appointed diamond-jewellers to the royal family: an appointment relating to the crown-jewels. This brought them, of course, into direct inter-

course with the royal family. It appears that Mr. Rundell never but once attended the royal summons: Mr. Bridge's manners have been represented as better adapted to the duties of such an attendance: but however this might have been, it is certain that the latter gentleman always afterwards attended the royal family; and it is well known that his conduct on those occasions rendered him a favourite at the palace. Two of Mr. Rundell's nephews, Mr. Edmund Waller Rundell, son of the authoress of the celebrated book on Cookery, and Mr. Thomas Bigge, a gentleman of highly cultivated talents and considerable literary attainments, were afterwards admitted into partnership in this business; and subsequently a nephew of Mr. Bridge was also introduced as a partner. Mr. Rundell, in consequence of increasing bodily infirmities, though possessing all his powers of mind in unabated vigour, retired from business about Michaelmas 1823, leaving the prosecution of this great undertaking to his continuing partners. * * * * * Mr. Rundell was never married, although he always manifested much pleasure in the enjoyment of female society; for which the comeliness of his person, his conversational powers, and his habitual attentiveness, naturally fitted him. He was unassuming in his manners, and when relieved from the cares of business, was a cheerful and agreeable companion. He was fond of music, had a tolerable voice, and sang with taste. In the year 1772 he was admitted a liveryman of the Drapers' Company, and at the time of his death was one of the court of assistants of that company; but he never filled any corporate office in the city. When he was elected one of the sheriffs of London, he paid the usual fine to be excused serving the office, and he paid excusatory fines to avoid serving the ordinary offices in the company of which he was a member. During nearly the last twenty years of his life, in consequence of his assiduous attention to business, and latterly owing to an increasing deafness, and the painful effects of an internal disease with which he was long afflicted, he withdrew much from society, and lived very retired. * * * * * Mr. Rundell was, perhaps, not more distinguished by his peculiar excellencies as a man of business, than by his personal qualities: both were alike creditable to him. Of the former we have taken a hasty survey, of the latter it would be injustice not to say something. He was rich, and devotedly attached to the farther acquisition of wealth; but he was totally free from those blemishes which frequently disfigure the possession of money. His wealth was not contaminated by avarice; his desire of gain never invaded his honour; his anxiety to increase his possessions gave admission to no sordid or covetous motive: he was always liberal; and as his wealth augmented, his liberality enlarged; and his discernment of deserving objects of bounty, and of beneficial media of dispensing it, seemed to be strengthened. In proof of his generosity of temper, it may be stated, that, irascible as he was, no one in his service, either commercial or domestic, ever left him spontaneously. Of his freedom from sordid or avaricious motives, the bountiful, not to say magnanimous benevolences which he gave to his relations in his lifetime, are a most honourable testimony. It has been represented, on very good authority, that he distributed among his relations during his life-time, in sums varying between 500*l*. and 20,000*l*. (for his bounty on meet occasions descended in such large amounts) no less a sum than 145,000*l*. In addition to these absolute

gifts, he made regular annual allowances, many of them secured by binding legal securities, to such of his relations and dependents as in his judgment would be most benefited by an annual provision, to an amount which, if calculated according to the established value of annuities, would increase the total of his living bounty to a sum almost, if not quite, unexampled in the annals of generosity."

"Mr. Rundell exhibited no symptom of approaching decay until the autumn of 1826. His health then began to decline; and although his mental faculties were vigorous until the last, his bodily strength gradually wasted, until he breathed his last on the 17th February, 1827, in the eighty-first year of his age."

Whims and Oddities for the Young: with Humorous Illustrations by H. Heath. 18mo. pp. 152. London, 1828. S. Maunday.

WE know not, not we, who are for "the march of intellect," "the development of humanity," "the perfectionability of our species," "the millennium!" We are for them all, slick right away, as soon as possible, without halt, let, hindrance, or *impediment* (as a stuttering orator lately said in our hearing); and we shall only differ, perhaps, from others, who agree with us in the principle, about the ways and the means. That fine experimented horse which had just learnt to live without food when he died, was not, in our opinion, more mistaken (though we dare say the blunder was not the beast's, but his philosophical master's) than the new school of sages, who, in order to teach the young idea how to shoot, would begin with algebra and fluxions, and never descend lower in the scale of education than the solution of impossible quantities. Their pupils must be *Heinikens* at least, like him, the first and last of celebrity of that name, who at fourteen months old had a complete knowledge of the Scriptures, and was a perfect classical scholar at four years of age, but unluckily died at five! * And it will be well if we can prevent them from beginning to make their tyros, like *Lipsius*, philosophise before they happen to be born; if indeed they do not adopt some of the *Westminster Review* economics, and contend against the perversion and folly of children being born at all.

With immense and unspeakable diffidence, inspired at this moment, perhaps, by seeing little elves laughing "like fun," at places of public amusement,—eating mince-pies with appetite and enjoyment that might raise the envious ghost of *Lucullus*,—gloating over the commonest of story books with a delight beyond the pursuits of literature,—we venture to suggest that mirth may combine with wisdom, and play and jollity do more for the infant mind than mechanics and metaphysics. We are not the advocates of silliness or misdirection even in trifles; but we are the enemies of that saturnine regimen, which we are convinced is only calculated to blunt the better feelings, obliterate the finer faculties, and destroy the nobler sensibilities of childhood, without implanting one jot of useful or beneficial knowledge in their room. Little mannikins are always odious; but little philosophers are not to be endured at all. Nature has pointed the way in the glorious exuberance of the youthful bosom: regulate the strong bursts if you please, but do not try to kill the kindly sentiments which are hereafter to make the

man, ay and woman too, all that is noble and estimable in human life.

But this is a grave prelude to a volume of fun and drollery; and we must account for it by agreeing with *Blackwood*, in his *Noctes* of the month just published, that Christmas is, after all, a solemn and reflective, rather than a merry and thoughtless season. We are glad, however, at any time, to begin with classing Mr. Maunday among our publishers. We have seen much of him as a writer, which gave us a high idea of his quickness, versatility, and talents; and it is a pleasure to see a person of literary habits and tastes enter into the career of caterer for the public amusement and instruction. This, the first thing which has brought him before us in that capacity, is a mere trifle; but it is a pleasant, and likely to be a very popular one. It is good humouredly dedicated to Mr. Hood; and contains some sixteen or eighteen little poems addressed to familiar subjects, fit for the entertainment of children, and (which is great praise) not one syllable unfit for that purpose. The things are playful and clever—all kinds of utensils, as well as animals, are endowed with speech and action; and pins, pokers, mice, hedgehogs, wasps, monkeys, &c. &c. figure on the scene. There are many palpable hits in the book; but our better course is to afford a sample of all, by selecting one of the pieces, though expediency suggests that we should take the very shortest—*The Wasp*, or *Vanity's Ruin*.

"The Wasp was a very fine gentleman:

Such was his silly pride,
He wore his coat laced over with gold,
And his hat cock'd on one side.

One morning he rose betimes from his bed,
And call'd the Drone to bring
His cowslip boots, with spurs of steel,
And his sword with pointed sting.

Said he, 'I'll fly from east to west,
And none shall dare dispute
My right over the sweetest blossoms around,
Or claim to the ripest fruit.

And if a vile Bee cross my path,
I'll soon despatch his life.
Then fly to his hive and eat all his honey,
And drink his wine with his wife.

What care I for a paltry tribe
Of insects mean and vile?
Such low mechanics as Worms and Ants,
I scornful on them smile.

And as for Moth and Beetle, they
My contempt are quite beneath;
'Tis very hard that I'm condemn'd
The self-same air to breathe.

On the Cricket, who dares of knowledge boast,
I most indignant frown;
What signifies learning to such as I?
The world is all my own.

I'll get me a golden sceptre bright—
I'll brandish it over all—
I'll crush beneath my royal foot
The reptiles, great and small.

And when I'm gone, o'er my honour'd dust
A diamond tomb shall rise;
Therein I'll sleep, while the insects wall
And never more dry their eyes.

Their tears shall fall so far and wide
As dew-drops from the sky,
And thus shall be, on onyx wrought,
My modest elegy:

'Here lies the best, the noblest Wasp
That ever waved a wing:
His virtues bloom'd like sweetest flowers,
In nature's fairest spring.

Without conceit, and wise, he was,
And great and grand of birth;
But could we write a thousand years,
We could not write his worth."

Just here, in *wo's* vast pomp, Wasp threw
His regal wing aside,
And tumbled into the mustard-pot,
Wherein, alas! he died."

Mr. H. Heath appears to be of the Cruikshank school, and a very promising and rising artist. Many of his ideas are full of fancy and humour: he will do well.

The Modern Traveller. London, 1828.
J. Duncan.

FROM the multitude of publications which at this season crowd upon us, we regret being compelled to limit ourselves to a brief notice of this very valuable performance, of which, however, we have spoken in its progress as it deserved. Those who take matters by the outside will be agreeably disappointed in the *Modern Traveller*. An 18mo, in an unassuming cover, and at the unassuming price of half-a-crown, contains the marrow of every thing known relative to the country of which the No. treats. And this, not merely in the shape of a digest, which, in its nature, must throw away much interesting detail, but with the double advantages of all that is pleasant and anecdotal connected with the subject, and all that is important for comprehensive knowledge.

The usefulness of such *révisions* is so palpable, and even so necessary in the present influx of Journals and Voyages, and the present increasing intercourse with foreign countries, that our surprise is, that it has been left even to the activity and intelligence of the publisher. The limits of any individual traveller's observation are so narrow,—individual views of men and things must be so often erroneous, or peculiar, or alien to the purposes of general information, that the most correct and accomplished tourist leaves his reader in error on points innumerable. The mere diversity of taste produces a diversity in their products, useless or injurious to truth. The classic sees nothing in the scene of his journeyings but inscriptions, fragments of temples, and busts to be dug up from their sleep of two thousand years. Where these are the harvest of the land, he detects no other barrenness, and pronounces the desert delightful, and the rock flowing with milk and honey. The man touched with the spirit of trade scorns charms of this unexchangeable kind, scoffs at the port from which the navies of Athens poured out to meet the navies of Asia,—turns away from the Piræus, as not fit for the anchorage of any thing beyond a Thames wherry,—and sees nothing in Marathon but a marsh, of which the weeds could not be converted into a saleable commodity. The military traveller is enraptured with the mountain and the defile,—the ruggedness that makes the province defensible, and the loftiness that places the village out of the reach of every thing but a Congreve rocket. The diplomatist, sketching his journal on the way to the place of mission, discovers nothing on right or left but beggary, bleakness, banditti, and ruins covered with the wrecks of his predecessor's carriage. The artist, all eyes for the picturesque, and blind to every thing else, is in rapture with the difficulties of the way,—rejoices at the impassable torrents—triumphs in the precipitous hill,—and thinks a sight of banditti essential to his happiness and his pencil. The English country gentleman, stirred from home by the habit of following his neighbours, and asking only to get home again with the reputation of having been across the Channel, rolls along, disgusted alike with the lofty and the level, finds the foreign world distinguishable only for smoking, discomfort, and the want of an English dinner,—and publishes lucubrations dipped all over in bile and patriotism. To learn the truth from any one of these discoverers would be hopeless. Temperament holds the pen, and every letter that falls from it must be distorted.

But allowing the purest and most impossible impartiality, not one man in a thousand has the means of acquiring the true information to

* See his short life in two long vols., by Martini, A.D. 1730.

any decided extent,—perhaps as few have the faculty of dispensing it intelligibly; and all must be restricted to a particular portion of the immense districts that are now traversed. One traveller cuts across Asia Minor from Constantinople to Cyprus, by a line marked out in his firman,—a deviation from which, if half a mile to the right or left, would cost his throat. Another traveller winds his obscure and frightened way by the Taurus, leaving magnificent countries on either side, into which his firman does not give him the key. A third intersects the lines of both, and fills up the description. Of this kind of tour writing, England has abundant examples, unquestionably honourable to the intrepidity, research, and literature of her travellers; but of such slight value for a comprehensive acquaintance with, at least, any remote country, that we might nearly as well not have them at all. Their chief value is to be found only in the shape in which Mr. Duncan here offers them to the world;—they furnish materials for combination and concoction into knowledge. The scattered works, collected and concentrated into regular narrative, form the ground of a solid and satisfactory acquaintance with the countries in question. They are merely “*mémoires pour servir*” the personal incidents and observations which are by skilful hands to be embodied into geographical history.

The series of the *Modern Traveller* has had for its object this combination of the various and scattered intelligence of men of literature, of explorers, of residents in the respective countries, of philosophers and politicians,—in fact, of every class of society whose labours could throw light upon its highly interesting topics. The editor, whose name has been long known to polite literature, has performed his task with very meritorious diligence, exactness, and happiness of selection. All repulsive details are avoided, the tediousness that will creep upon individual narrative is exchanged for animation; and the errors from which no individual writer can escape are extinguished. Our readers must not be deceived by the diminutiveness and moderate price of the work into the idea that it is only for children. Let them examine it, look at the crowd of authors quoted, and ascertain the force and fidelity of the work, and they will find its use to men; a use so obvious and important, that we know not how any man who desires to understand the actual circumstances of any country of the earth, can do without it—it is absolutely essential to mature knowledge.

A considerable number of its volumes have already appeared. Palestine began the series with an admirable detail of that most interesting country. Greece, and Turkey in Europe and Asia, are among the later numbers; and the publisher, by an advantageous adaptation to the time, now gives us, in two volumes, a view of the history, territory, politics, and present war of Persia. The volumes are illustrated with maps, sketches of costume, and remarkable scenery.

LEIGH HUNT'S MEMOIRS OF BYRON, &c. EXTRACTS from this book, which (however it may be considered when completely before the world) possesses unquestionable interest, having found their way to publicity, we should be sorry not to yield our quota to the contingent of novelty and curiosity. The *New Monthly Magazine* has gone before us; but we are enabled to make the annexed selections from a few sheets of the work, avoiding what has already run the gauntlet of the newspapers

from any other source. It will be felt, that upon such occasions we can have no observations to make—we insert the selection, simply for the entertainment it may afford our readers.

“He was a warm politician, and thought himself earnest in the cause of liberty. His failure in the House of Lords is well known. He was very candid about it; said he was much frightened, and should never be able to do any thing that way. Lords of all parties came about him, and consoled him; he particularly mentioned Lord Sidmouth, as being unaffectedly kind.”

“I remember one day, as he stood looking out of the window, he resembled in a lively manner the portrait of him by Phillips, by far the best that has appeared; I mean the best of him at his best time of life, and the most like him in features as well as expression. He sat one morning so long, that Lady Byron sent up twice to let him know she was waiting. Her ladyship used to go on in the carriage to Henderson's nursery ground, to get flowers. I had not the honour of knowing her, nor ever saw her but once, when I caught a glimpse of her at the door. I thought she had a pretty earnest look, with her ‘pippin’ face; an epithet by which she playfully designated herself. The first visit I paid Lord Byron was just after their separation. The public, who took part with the lady, as they ought to do, (women in their relations with the other sex being under the most unhandsome disadvantages) had, nevertheless, no idea of the troubles which her husband was suffering at that time. He was very ill, his face jaundiced with bile; the renouncement of his society by Lady Byron had disconcerted him extremely, and was, I believe, utterly unlooked for; then the journals and their attacks upon him were felt severely; and to crown all, he had an execution in his house. I was struck with the real trouble he manifested, compared with what the public thought of it. The adherence of his old friends was also touching. I saw Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Scrope Davies (college friends of his) almost every time I called. Mr. Rogers was regular in his daily visits; and Lord Holland, he said, was very kind to him. Finally, he took the blame of the quarrel to himself; and he enlisted my self-love so far on the side of Lady Byron, as to tell me that she liked my poem, and had compared her temper to that of Giovanni, my heroine's consort. In all this I beheld only a generous nature, subject perhaps to ebullitions of ill temper, but candid, sensitive, extremely to be pitied, and, if a woman knew how, or was permitted by others to love him, extremely to be loved. What made me come the more warmly to this conclusion, was a letter which he shewed me, written by Lady Byron after her departure from the house, and when she was on her way to the relations, who persuaded her not to return. It was signed with the epithet above mentioned; and was written in a spirit of good-humour, and even fondness, which, though containing nothing but what a wife ought to write, and is the better for writing, was, I thought, almost too good to shew. But the case was extreme; and the compliment to me, in shewing it, appeared the greater. I was not aware at that time, that, with a singular incontinence, towards which it was lucky for a great many people that his friends were as singularly considerate, his lordship was in the habit of making a confidant of every body he came nigh. I will now tell the reader, very candidly, what I think of the whole of that matter. Every body knows, in the present beautiful state of

the relations between the sexes, what is meant by marriages of convenience. They generally turn out to be as inconvenient, as persons, who are said to have arrived at years of discretion, are apt to be indiscreet. Lord Byron's was a marriage of convenience,—certainly at least on his own part. The lady, I have no doubt, would never have heard of it under that title. He married for money, but of course he wooed with his genius; and the lady persuaded herself that she liked him, partly because he had a genius, and partly because it is natural to love those who take pains to please us. Furthermore, the poet was piqued to obtain his mistress, because she had a reputation for being delicate in such matters; and the lady was piqued to become a wife, not because she did not know the gentleman previously to marriage, but because she did, and hoped that her love, and her sincerity, and her cleverness, would enable her to reform him. The experiment was dangerous, and did not succeed. Another couple might have sat still, and sacrificed their comfort to the vanity of appearing comfortable. Lord Byron had too much self-will for this, and his lady too much sincerity,—perhaps too much alarm and resentment. The excess of his moods, which, out of the spleen and even self-reproach of the moment, he indulged in perhaps beyond what he really felt, were so terrifying to a young and mortified woman, that she began to doubt whether he was in possession of his senses. She took measures, which exceedingly mortified him, for solving this doubt; and though they were on good terms when she left an uneasy house to visit her friends in the country, and Lady Byron might, I have no doubt, have been persuaded by him to return, had there been as much love, or even address, on his side, as there was a wish to believe in his merit on her's, it is no wonder that others, whom she had known and loved so much longer, and who felt no interest in being blind to his defects, should persuade her to stay away. The ‘*Farwell*’ that he wrote, and that set so many tender-hearted white handkerchiefs in motion, only resulted from his poetical power of assuming an imaginary position, and taking pity on himself in the shape of another man. He had no love for the object of it, or he would never have written upon her in so different a style afterwards. Indeed, I do not believe that he ever had the good fortune of knowing what real love is,—meaning by love the desire that is ennobled by sentiment, and that seeks the good and exaltation of the person beloved. He could write a passage now and then which shewed that he was not incapable of it; but the passion on which he delights to dwell, is either that of boys and girls, extremely prone and boarding-school; or of heroines, who take a delight in sacrificing themselves to wilful gentlemen. * * * “There is no doubt that Lord Byron felt the scandal of the separation severely. It is likely, also, that he began to long for his wife's adherence the more, when he saw that she would not return. Perhaps he liked her the better. At all events, she piqued his will, which was his tender side; the circles were loud in his condemnation; and he was in perplexity about his child, in whom, as his only representative, and the descendant of two ancient families, he took great pride to the last. But his feelings, whatever they were, did not hinder him from wreaking his resentment in a manner which every one of his friends lamented; nor from availing himself, at a future day, of those rights of matrimonial property, which the gallant and chivalrous justice of the

stronger sex has decreed to itself, as a consolation for not being able to make the lady comfortable.

"I will here mention what I have happened to omit respecting another and greater matter. Two hundred pounds were sent me from Italy, to enable me to leave England with comfort. They came from Lord Byron, and nothing was said to me of security, or any thing like it. Lord Byron had offered, a year or two before, through Mr. Shelley, to send me four hundred pounds for a similar purpose, which offer I declined. I now accepted the two hundred pounds; but I found afterwards that his lordship had had a bond for the money from Mr. Shelley. I make no comment on these things. I merely state the truth, because others have mistated it, and because I begin to be sick of maintaining a silence which does no good to others, and is only turned against one's self.

"The public have been given to understand that Lord Byron's purse was at my command, and that I used it according to the spirit with which it was offered. I did so. Stern necessity, and a large family, compelled me; and during our residence at Pisa, I had from him, or rather from his steward, to whom he always sent me for the money, and who doled it me out as if my diatribes were being counted, the sum of seventy pounds. This sum, together with the payment of our expenses when we accompanied him from Pisa to Genoa, and thirty pounds with which he enabled us subsequently to go from Genoa to Florence, was all the money I ever received from Lord Byron, exclusive of the two hundred pounds in the first instance, which he made a debt of Mr. Shelley's by taking his bond."

"But to return to the Gambas. The way in which the connexion between the young Countess and Lord Byron had originated, and was sanctioned, was, I thought, clear enough; but unfortunately it soon became equally clear that there was no real love on either side. The lady, I believe, was not unsusceptible of a real attachment, and most undoubtedly she was desirous that Lord Byron should cultivate it, and make her as proud and as affectionate as she was anxious to be. But to hear her talk of him, she must have pretty soon discerned that this was impossible; and the manner of her talking rendered it more than doubtful whether she had ever loved, or could love him, to the extent that she supposed. I believe she would have taken great pride in the noble bard, if he would have let her; and remained a faithful and affectionate companion as long as he pleased to have her so; but this depended more of his treatment of her, and still more on the way in which he conducted himself towards others, than on any positive qualities of his own. On the other hand, he was alternately vexed and gratified by her jealousies. His regard being founded solely on her person, and not surviving in the shape of a considerate tenderness, had so degenerated in a short space of time, that if you were startled to hear the lady complain of him as she did, and that too with comparative strangers, you were shocked at the license which he would allow his criticisms on her. The truth is, as I have said before, that he had never known any thing of love but the animal passion. His poetry had given this its gracefuller aspect, when young;—he could believe in the passion of Romeo and Juliet. But the moment he thought he had attained to years of discretion, what with the help of bad companions, and a sense of his own merits, for want

of comparisons to check it, he had made the wise and blessed discovery, that women might love himself, though he could not return the passion; and that all women's love, the very best of it, was nothing but vanity. To be able to love a quality for its own sake, exclusive of any reaction upon one's self-love, seemed a thing that never entered his head. If at any time, therefore, he ceased to love a woman's person, and found leisure to detect in her the vanities natural to a flattered beauty, he set no bounds to the light and coarse way in which he would speak of her. There was coarseness in the way in which he would talk to women, even when he was in his best humour with them. I do not mean on the side of voluptuousness, which is rather an excess than a coarseness; the latter being an impertinence which is the reverse of the former. I have seen him call their attention to circumstances, which made you wish yourself a hundred miles off. They were connected with any thing but the graces with which a poet would encircle his Venus. He said to me once of a friend of his, that he had been spoiled by reading Swift. He himself had certainly not escaped the infection. What completed the distress of this connexion, with respect to the parties themselves, was his want of generosity in money matters. The lady was independent of him, and disinterested; and he seemed resolved that she should have every mode but one of proving that she could remain so.

"Lord Byron painted his heroes criminal, wilful, even selfish in great things; but he took care not to paint them mean in little ones. He took care also to give them a great quantity of what he was singularly deficient in—which was self-possession: for when it is added, that he had no address, even in the ordinary sense of the word—that he hummed and hawed, and looked confused, on very trivial occasions,—that he could much more easily get into a dilemma than out of it, and with much greater skill wound the self-love of others than relieve them,—the most common-place believers in a poet's attractions will begin to suspect, that it is possible for his books to be the best part of him.

"As I oftener went to his part of the house than he came to mine, he seldom saw her; and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on hers. He said to her one day, 'What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that?'—It is the first time,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'I ever heard of them.' This, which would have set a man of address upon his wit, completely dashed, and reduced him to silence. But her greatest offence was in something which I had occasion to tell him. He was very bitter one day upon some friends of mine, criticising even their personal appearance, and that in no good taste. At the same time, he was affecting to be very pleasant and good-humoured, and without any offence in the world.' All this provoked me to mortify him, and I asked if he knew what Mrs. Hunt had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? (It is the fastidious, scornful portrait of him, affectingly looking down.) He said he did not, and was curious to know. An engraving of it, I told him, was shewn her, and her opinion asked; upon which she observed, that 'it resembled a great school-boy, who had had a plain bun given him, instead of a plum one.' I did not add, that our friends shook with laughter at this idea of the noble original, because it was 'so like him.'

He looked as blank as possible, and never again criticised the personal appearance of those whom I regarded. It was on accounts like these, that he talked of Mrs. Hunt as being 'no great things.' Myself, because I did not take all his worldly common-places for granted, nor enter into the merit of his bad jokes on women, he represented as a 'proser;' and the children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced to be 'impracticable.'

"He condescended, among his other timid deferences to 'the town,' to be afraid of Gifford. There was an interchange of flatteries between them, not the less subtle for Gifford's occasionally affecting a paternal tone of remonstrance; and they were 'friends' to the last; though Lord Byron (to say nothing of that being a reason also) could not help giving him a secret hit now and then, when the church-and-state review became shy of him. Gifford thought him a wonderful young man, but wild, &c.; and he never forgot that he was a lord. He least of all forgot it when he affected to play the schoolmaster. On the other hand, Lord Byron was happy to regard Mr. Gifford as a wonderful old gentleman, not indeed born gentleman, but the more honest in his patricianisms on that account, and quite a born critic; 'sound,' as the saying is; learned and all that, and full of 'good sense' in short, one that was very sensible of his lordship's merits, both as a poet and a peer, and who had the art of making his homage to a man of rank agreeable, by affecting independence without really feeling it. Murray he laughed at. He treated him afterwards, as he did most others, with strange alternations of spleen and good humour, of open panegyric and secret ridicule; but at the period in question, he at least thought him an honest man for the 'tribe of Barabbas'; who, said his lordship, 'was unquestionably a book-seller.'

"Lord Byron was very proud of his rank. Mr. Beyle ('Count Stendhal'), when he saw him at the opera in Venice, made this discovery at a glance; and it was a discovery no less subtle than true. He would appear sometimes as jealous of his title as if he had usurped it. A friend told me, that an Italian apothecary having sent him one day a packet of medicines addressed to 'Mons. Byron,' this mock-heroic mistake aroused his indignation, and he sent back the physic to learn better manners. His coat of arms was fixed up in front of his bed. I have heard that it was a joke with him to mystify the sense of the motto to his fair friend, who wished particularly to know what 'Crede Byron' meant. The motto, it must be acknowledged, was awkward. The version to which her Italian helped her, was too provocative of comment to be allowed.

"The first number of the Liberal was now on the anvil, and Mr. Shelley's death had given me a new uneasiness. The reader will see in Mr. Shelley's Letters, that Lord Byron had originally proposed a work of the kind to Mr. Moore; at least, a periodical work of some sort, which they were jointly to write. Mr. Moore doubted the benitude of such divided light, and declined it. His lordship then proposed it through Mr. Shelley to me. I wrote to both of them to say that I should be happy to take such an opportunity of restoring the fortunes of a battered race of patriots; and as soon as we met in Pisa, it was agreed that the work should be political, and assist in carrying on the good cause.

The title of *Liberal* was given it by Lord Byron. We were to share equally the profits, the work being printed and published by my brother; and it was confidently anticipated that money would pour in upon all of us. Enemies, however, had been already at work. Lord Byron was alarmed for his credit with his fashionable friends; among whom, although on the liberal side, patriotism was less in favour than the talk about it. This man wrote to him, and that wrote, and another came. Mr. Hobhouse rushed over the Alps, not knowing which was the more awful, the mountains or the magazine. Mr. Murray wondered, Mr. Gifford smiled (a lofty symptom!), and Mr. Moore (tu quoque Horati!) said that the Liberal had 'a taint' in it! This, however, was afterwards. But Lord Byron, who was as fond as a footman of communicating unpleasant intelligence, told us, from the first, that 'his friends' had all been at him; friends, whom he afterwards told me he had 'libelled all round,' and whom (to judge of what he did by some of them) he continued to treat in the same impartial manner."

A History of France; with Conversations at the End of each Chapter. By Mrs. Markham, Author of the "History of England." For the use of Young Persons. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

Mrs. MARKHAM's *History of England*, of this class, is one of the best books, "for the use of young persons," in circulation; but her *History of France* is still better; for a history of that country was infinitely more wanted, not only for the rising generation, but for the adult and mature. We have rarely met with a work of the kind to which we could ascribe such unqualified praise. The leading points of the annals are well preserved, in right proportions and keeping; the style is plain and perspicuous; and the reflections are highly moral and instructive. Nothing can be more interesting than the narrative; and much skill is shewn in making the interrogatories and answers not only subservient to the main purpose of inducing correctness of opinion, but also a relief instead of an interruption to the reader. Of the accomplished authoress we know nothing, but that her labours deserve the gratitude of every lover of what is good; and we are sure that she will reap a higher reward in that consciousness than in the success which must attend her exertions. The volumes are very neatly adorned with cuts of costume, portrait, and other illustrations.

Confessions of an Old Maid. 3 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

As the real and genuine confessions of an old maid would most probably be unintelligible to us, except in so far as the study of human nature might enable us to guess at the likely and the improbable, we are not sorry to dismiss these volumes with a very short notice. They appear to be the production of a person (a male person) who has mixed with society of various kinds in London; and, consequently, some of his sketches are amusing, and some of his satire founded on observation. But the sketch of old maidism is a caricature of the common-place character,—the ancient vestal of comedy, farce, and novel, for the wifings of long years; and in the spirit of portraiture, we have Irish fortune-hunters, bluff naval officers, &c. &c., more to be praised for their resemblance to established models, than for the originality or delicacy of their lineaments.

The Juvenile Forget-me-not; or Cabinet of Entertainment and Instruction for 1828. London, Hailes.

WE have elsewhere in this sheet taken occasion to commend the mixture of mirth with wisdom, and playfulness with tuition; but we are not the less disposed to bestow our praise upon a production like the present, which is of a graver cast, tenderly pathetic and highly moral. It is a pretty and an eligible little volume to put into the hands of the good and deserving child;—a reward for past meritorious conduct, and a pure source whence to draw those principles which are likely to make the future as gratifying and happy as the past. The subjects are little tales, &c. interspersed with suitable poetry, and neatly adorned with engravings.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS: LOO CHOO. [It is again our good fortune to be favoured with an extract of a private letter from Captain Frederic Beechey, giving the latest intelligence of his course after steering from Behring's Straits. It may be a pity to dispel the belief in the simple and innocent character of the natives of Loo Choo; but truth obliges us to destroy this El Dorado of our valued friend Captain Basil Hall.—Ed.]

H. M. S. Blossom, Petropaulowski, July 5, 1827.

I HAVE little time to communicate more than you will find in my public letter; but you shall learn that we were very well received at Nappokiang, as Hall calls it, and were able to make ourselves understood by means of the Chinese characters, which are equally those of Loo Choo, though the languages are essentially different. We found they had *forts, muskets, swords, and copper money*; and that they were, in fact, nothing more than Japanese. Would you believe it, . . . ? I hardly dare speak it, they have thieves and rogues among them just like all the rest of mankind: they actually stole our best thermometer; and the Head Mandarin sent me a set of their hair pias, declaring they were silver, which I yesterday found transformed into brass, the plating or lacker having all corroded! They are, however, with all this, a good sort of people; and whether they act from fear or principle, is not for us, who were kindly treated, to canvass. I must say of them, that they were always willing to oblige us whenever it could be done without any expense—they even sometimes treated us with tea, and on one occasion gave us some gingerbread cakes! With all this kindness, however, there was not a single individual in the ship who was not heartily sick of Loo Choo before we weighed. The illusion which had hung over the island before we anchored was too soon removed, and we found nothing in the inhabitants to inspire us with more than common-place sentiments. Their conduct was, at bottom, certainly artificial. When we first cast anchor, they said we must immediately depart; but this I did not understand, and insisted on being allowed to go on shore: the next day permission was granted, but they wanted to confine us to the beach—a restriction which was of course not attended to; and we had walked nearly half over the island, when our conductor, who had long been declaring that the Mandarin would cut off his head if he attended us any farther, went down on his knees, and begged us so pathetically to stop, that we could not refuse his petition. Will it be credited in England, that a Loo Choo Mandarin is capable of ordering a man's head to be cut off? Perhaps it is performed symbolically with a fan—there cannot be scarcely any blood spilt. Well, as I told you, to save the poor

man's head, we returned, but through a village, to his utter discomfiture, it being their chief care throughout, to keep us away from their houses, and particularly from seeing their women. Perhaps they thought as they could not control us in one case, they would not be able in another. Be that as it may, we have seen their women and made drawings of them; we have been inside their *forts*; and if we had staid long enough, should no doubt have entered their town. Before we departed, I longed very much for some occasion to put them to their mettle, and to see what defence they would be able to make; but unfortunately they were much too civil; and rather than fight, I am convinced they would have consented to any terms, however degrading. I never saw such effeminate creatures in the shape of men before, and hope never to see such again.

We left Nappa after ten days' sojourn, and pursued our course to the eastward. On the 8th June we fell in with a group of islands which had long been expunged from our charts, and came to anchor in an excellent port. We were somewhat surprised to find here a Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday—two seamen who had belonged to the William, the old Tyne, which had been wrecked upon the island. They were living there very comfortably, well provided with hogs, pigeons, turtle, and fish, and I supplied them with a he-goat, to match a female that is to arrive in one of the whalers. They have planted water-melons, pumpkins, potatoes, cocoa nuts, &c.; and I think purpose remaining there if they can get wives from the Sandwich Islands or the Ladrões. After completing our survey of this harbour, we weighed with 16000 lbs. of turtle crawling about the decks, which lasted us into Petropaulowski, and furnished the governor and garrison here with turtle soup for six months. We have the credit, besides, of having brought to the place two things which the natives had never seen before—*turtle* and *water-melons*. We are now ready to depart in search of Franklin once more, and sincerely do I hope that we may fall in with him early. After that, our return to England may be said to commence; but it will be June or July before we can expect to arrive there. I have really no time to say any more, being wholly taken up with the survey of this extensive bay and magnetical observations—so adieu till the next opportunity.

In our *Literary Gazette* of last July 14th and 21st, we had the pleasure of inserting a circumstantial account of the voyage of the Blossom, Captain Beechey's ship, which was performed up Behring's Straits, to meet Captain Franklin, had it been possible for that able and gallant officer to proceed farther along the North American coast than he did; under such appalling difficulties, towards the Pacific. We beg our readers to refresh their memories by reference to these numbers, in order that they may peruse with greater interest the following sequel of the voyage of the Blossom, after leaving the ice-bound Straits, and proceeding to refit at St. Francisco, whence the last letter from a youthful navigator, in our number 548, was dated in November 1826. Resuming his pen at Macao, in April 1827, in the same free and sailor-like style, (which personally renders his communication extremely agreeable and characteristic of the young English seaman to our minds) he says:—

"I believe my last letter was dated at San Francisco, where we completely refreshed ourselves after our fruitless exploits in the dreary regions of the North, accompanied by the un-

timely reduction in our provisions. At San Francisco nothing particular took place; we had our hearts' content of riding, horses being as common as blank prizes in an English lottery. Had we been provided with saddles, it would have cost us no trouble; but this, of course, was not the case, and we were greatly puzzled to remedy the inconvenience, for these were of, sometimes, twice the value of the horse, although of very inferior workmanship. The governor promised, if possible, to entertain us with the exhibition of an encounter of a bear against a wild bull; but not being contented with what we offered, in consideration of the trouble attending the procuring of the beasts, the soldiers refused to proceed in the undertaking. The bears, at a little distance in the interior, are exceedingly numerous, and often prove dangerous to travellers, as they are of the most savage nature, if we are to believe the statements of those who are, in this place, best acquainted with them. Leaving San Francisco on the 28th of December, 1826, we coasted down to Monterey, where, after a pleasant stay of three days, we sailed for the Sandwich Islands once more. After a fine, though perhaps longer passage than we expected, owing to the delay occasioned by our navigating the sea among the low islands, through which it is not considered safe to run at night, we arrived at Oahu,* that island of the Sandwich Islands which is now patronised by the king, and contains the chief town, Honaruru. Here we were particularly gratified on finding ourselves in a most secure and convenient birth, within pistol-shot of the shore, owing, I may say, entirely to the promptness with which the captain ordered the pilot to take the ship through the passage, which, as I think I mentioned before, is rather intricate for a ship of our size, and was not practicable during our former visit. All the natives welcomed us in a most friendly way, apparently glad at the prospect of our long stay. So much has been, and, indeed, may still be said concerning the Sandwich Islands, which are now becoming of some importance among the civilised world, that it will not be worth while for me to fill up a letter, which is not at all adapted to convey such matter. No: I hope that you will feel more interested in our own proceedings. To begin, then; the Blossom was in a short time decorated, not very superbly, but I think very appropriately, for the reception of the king and his chiefs, who dined on board, together with the English and American consuls, and some more American captains of merchantmen. The whole went off in grand style, embellished with some very loyal and patriotic toasts, and some pretty good songs, of which the Sandwich Islanders took their turn, although unintelligible to us, and performed in the same tone of voice throughout. The fete was given on the quarter-deck; and after dinner a rather poor display (owing to the dampness of the ship) of fireworks formed the conclusion. In return for this turn-out, the king, whose example was afterwards followed by the Americans, gave us at different times invitations to a "Loohau," of which I must give some short description. It derives its name from the chief dish on the table, which is nothing more than a piece of salt pork, garnished most profusely with stewed taro tops, which resemble almost precisely our vegetable marrow in England. As we attended, however, they took care to introduce plenty of boiled fowls along with the pork, otherwise we

should not have much relished the treat. I must now beg leave to recall the hasty opinion I formed of the natives of these islands on our last visit. Their savage and somewhat singular aspect (no two being ever dressed alike), very soon wore off, and we experienced nothing but the most friendly and hospitable treatment wherever we went. In Tahiti nothing went down but "dollar" (dollar) for every thing you asked; but here we never entered a hut where any eating, &c. was going on, but they always made room for us, inviting us to join them. In doing any duty on shore, such as getting off provisions, &c. I was always assisted by the natives who happened to be present. "As for the ladies, I have nought to say," at any rate here; for their manners and behaviour, though sincerely kind, are so totally different from those at home, that I had better remain silent on that head. All are alike, from the princess royal down to the poorest. The town of Honaruru is composed of huts in the shape of haystacks, but many of them are fitted up in a very convenient and pleasant style, having an enclosure before them, containing banana trees, &c. Altogether, we should have found it a very pleasant place, but for the great excess of Americans in comparison with the English residents, and they are trying to gain an ascendancy over the king in every possible way, headed by the missionaries: they have even gone so far as to try the substituting of the American stars and stripes in lieu of the English Union Jack, which is at present in the national colours; but this, of course, was put a stop to by the English consul. Many other attempts have been made with interested views. This is enough of Oahu, perhaps too much, you will say, for the subject of a letter. After a month's stay, we departed once more, whither we did not exactly know, but our hopes were pretty sanguine for China. For China, indeed, it really turned out, running between the Ladrone Islands in our passage; but these are not worth a description; at least, those that we saw, as they were uninhabited. On the 10th of April we made the great Lemna Island, after some fun on the preceding night, running amongst the Chinese fishermen, which were so close that we could scarcely find our way, to their evident danger. Here we anchored for the night. On the following morning we weighed, and made sail for Macao, the Portuguese settlement. We arrived about noon, and anchored in the Typa, much closer than is allowed to other ships; and it was consequently objected to, both by the Portuguese and Chinese; but we remained, notwithstanding all their remonstrances. We were very soon boarded by numbers of Chinamen, who saluted us very civilly, exclaiming, 'How you do?' 'Me sawy your facy last voyagy,' &c. They certainly cut a most ludicrous figure about the decks, with their long pig-tails, on which they kept a bright look-out, for fear of any tricks being played with them. Macao is a very pretty little town, and has a pleasing appearance from the sea, having the English factory, a neatly-built row of buildings, in front. At the back are placed all the Chinese shops, on both sides of very narrow streets, having all sorts of articles exposed for sale, for which they always demand twice as much as they expect to get.

A trip to Canton, though delightfully described by our young friend, has nothing of novelty worthy of publication. His next date is, "Petropaulowski Kamtschatka, July 1st;" but having given the extract from Captain Beechey's letter, we need not go into the matters treated of by his youthful companion.

AFRICA.—M. Gerardin, the French traveller, who some time ago visited the west of Africa, is about to quit Paris for the purpose of returning to a post which he had established in the higher parts of the Senegal, above the cataract of Felou, where he may not only obtain information with respect to the various nations inhabiting the neighbourhood of the course of the Dioliba, but facilitate the operations of other travellers who may be endeavouring to follow its banks.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

THE earth is now in that part of its orbit nearest the sun, and consequently, being more powerfully attracted than when at its aphelion, it moves with its greatest angular velocity; the line drawn from the sun to the earth, though much shorter than at the opposite point of its orbit, passes over an equal area at the winter solstice, thus compensating for its shortness by the rapidity of the motion; the earth, being in its perihelion, increases the angle under which the sun is seen to its maximum of 32 min. 34.16 sec. Notwithstanding this proximity of the earth to the fountain of light and heat, the temperature in these northern climes is not raised; for (exclusive of the brevity of the sun's continuance above the horizon) the same quantity of parallel solar rays that are now falling perpendicularly to the tropic of Capricorn are received in these latitudes on a very oblique plane; the spaces, therefore, on this oblique plane between the rays are greater, and diffused over a larger surface; having also a larger portion of the atmosphere to pass through, a considerable quantity of these rays are reflected back, and never reach the earth.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
C Last Quarter, in Virgo . . .	9	19	15
☾ New Moon, in Sagittarius . .	16	12	24
☽ First Quarter, in Aries . . .	23	3	46
☾ Full Moon, in Cancer . . .	31	13	4

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	11	10	45
Mars in Libra	11	16	30
Mercury in Sagittarius . . .	15	17	39
Venus in Capricorn	18	8	0
Saturn in Gemini	29	8	30

Occultation.—The most interesting phenomenon of the month will be an occultation of 1^a Cancri, a star of the fourth magnitude, by the moon, which will occur on the 31st day; the moon's north-eastern limb will come in contact with the star at 11 hrs. 1 min. 14 sec., and the star will re-appear at 22 min. 16 sec. past midnight: the occultation will occur within an hour of the moon being at the full.

Mercury invisible through the month.

19th day—Venus, 11 digits of the western limb illuminated; apparent diameter, 11 sec.

Mars and Jupiter are exceedingly beautiful objects in Libra, as morning stars; they are very close to each other, and afford an excellent opportunity of comparing their relative diameters and colours.—Mars appearing of a rosy hue, and Jupiter of a silvery whiteness.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites that will be visible.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	10	17	3	32
	17	18	56	58
	26	15	18	48
Second satellite	9	16	48	49

Configurations of the Satellites at five hours in the morning.

10th day—the third on the disc, the second in the shadow of the planet. 15th—the satellites according to their order, first, second, third, and fourth, on the east of the primary. 19th—the second and third on the disc.

* This we thought Owyhee in our former letter.

21st—second and third, first and fourth, in conjunction respectively.

With powerful glasses, the satellites, with their shadows, may be traced on the disc of Jupiter; in some positions of the earth relative to this planet, the shadow will be observed to follow the satellite, and in others, the satellite will follow the shadow, though not so distinctly visible near the central part as towards the edges of the disc. Sometimes the satellites are traced by their brightness being greater than that of their primary, in other instances by their inferiority of brilliancy; this variation has been supposed to arise from large portions of their surfaces being covered with dark spots, which, by rotation, are alternately turned towards our earth. The transit of the shadow of a satellite on Jupiter presents an exact representation of our moon's shadow moving over the earth during a solar eclipse; for when the shadow enters on, and retreats from, the disc, it is of an oval form; and when in direct or central conjunction, the shadow is perfectly circular. An attempt has been made to determine the magnitudes of these secondary bodies by comparing their discs with that of their primary: from various observations it was computed; that (with the exception of the third, which is larger than the others), the moons of Jupiter are about half the diameter of the earth.

7th day, 13 hrs. 30 min.—Saturn in opposition. 15th day, 21 hrs.—this planet will pass 2½ min. to the south of 3 Gemorum, a star of the third magnitude, also a double star.

18th day, 19 hrs.—Uranus in conjunction with the sun.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

["Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" was said, in another language, some time before there was any Pope; and we are to little dogmatist, that were it only a dispute between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, we should neither attempt to dictate, or interfere. But the contest now carried on, and the question at issue between the College of Physicians and their opponents, is one which involves the interests of science, and the public interests so deeply, it almost follows of course that our Gazette should be brought into some share of the discussion, as Great Powers (to speak it pleasantly) can never be long neutral when there is war any where. We can yet, however, safely say, that we are non-combatants; and that we insert the ensuing general defence of the College of Physicians, because it is written by an ornament both to literature and his profession (from the highest rank in which he has retired in honoured years), and because, leaning, as we do strongly, to the cause of talent, in its native efforts, we like at the same time to give what is due to education and system.]

VARIOUS attempts have been made, at different times, to break in upon the privileges of the College of Physicians; and in order to do this with the greater effect, its objects have been disguised, and its laws misrepresented. It has been attacked as if it were a commercial monopoly, which was jealously maintained for the private emolument of its members; and the same cry of "free trade," and "no charter," which has been so plausible and so popular upon other occasions, has most unjustly been raised against the College of Physicians. But let not gentlemen of understanding be imposed upon by clamour, or imagine that impudent assertions, because they may not have been answered, are therefore unanswerable. The College of Physicians was originally established, and is still upheld, for no private purposes whatever. The advantages its members derive from it are none, unless it be that consideration which attaches to every learned community. The advantages are all on the side of the public, who thence obtain their only security against the dangerous effects of ignorant or designing men, who have never been want-

ing to impose upon mankind, "to the great hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the king's liege people." For in matters that are not generally understood, and especially by persons smarting under pain or languishing with sickness, bold assertions and shameless promises will often be heard with a favour they little deserve. And if the attention of the College has from time to time been called to other matters connected with their profession, still the prevention of this crying evil is and always has been the great end and aim of the College of Physicians; and its most virulent adversaries may be challenged to shew that it has not faithfully discharged its trust. It is true that the College has been hedged round by certain privileges, but by no extravagant ones; none that were not believed to be essential to its existence, or conducive to the objects of its institution; and it is with the same design, and with that only, that the laws for its internal regulation have been subsequently adopted. But it is here that certain persons feel themselves aggrieved; for, say they, the conditions required for admission into the College exclude us. What! exclude surgeons who have practised all the way to India and back again?—exclude apothecaries who have gained the confidence of the town? Exclude them from what? Not from practising surgery, which they have studied; not from practising pharmacy, to which they have been apprenticed; nay, not from practising physic, if they be properly qualified: for if a person come before the College with that presumption of professional attainments which is afforded by a doctor's degree, conferred on him after two years' study of medicine in any university whatever, and is found upon examination to be conversant with the structure of the human frame, with the symptoms of diseases and their remedies, he is never refused a license to practise. And if the College be indeed designed to provide that no improper, that is, no ignorant and dangerous pretender be obtruded upon the public, surely it is not too much to expect something more than the mere professions of soi-disant doctors. But still some, it may be, very well qualified to exercise their profession, are excluded from becoming Fellows, unless they shall have gone through the previous steps of a long and expensive education, and have graduated in one of our own universities. "Ay, there's the rub!" for it must be confessed that all exclusion is odious. As well might one complain that he is excluded from practising in the Commons because he had not graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, or excluded from holy orders on the same grounds. Are, then, things come to this pass, that we must forewear all the advantages of a liberal education? Or shall the statesman and the churchman acknowledge that these studies and this intercourse of society enlarge their minds, rectify their judgments, remove their prejudices, teach them to think and to act with superior ability; and shall they not teach the same to physicians? Or shall a right estimate of human nature be deemed of no value to them alone, whose life is in so peculiar a manner dedicated to its service? But in truth it is owing to this very circumstance that the English physicians have obtained a distinction above those of every other country in Europe; and if they enjoy a place in society among gentlemen of learning and accomplishments, the praise of it is with those whose education and manners have raised physic from a trade to a liberal profession. But in order to shew that the College is actuated by no improper motives in giving a preference to the gra-

duates of Oxford and Cambridge before those of Edinburgh or Glasgow, it is only necessary to advert to the different constitution of these universities; for surely so long as three or four years' attendance upon the professors of the Scotch universities continues to be esteemed a sufficient qualification for a doctor's degree, such graduates ought not to be placed upon an equality with those who, having been regularly disciplined in the schools of sound learning and philosophical inquiry, are sent to engraft upon this stock the principles of medical knowledge, and are not created doctors of physic till after ten or eleven years. The general advancement of science, the simplification of art, and the progressive alteration which has taken place in the sentiments and habits, the information and intercourse of mankind, in the course of three busy centuries, has made it necessary, from time to time, to modify the regulations of the College of Physicians; and this has been done with every attention to those interests of the republic of which the College is the legal guardian. When ignorant and impudent pretenders would invade the province of medicine, and, substituting arrogance in the place of science, would overleap the barriers and fences of a learned profession, the College have with good reason repelled them; and when it has been necessary to appeal to the laws of their country for support, they have found in the laws a ready acknowledgment of their authority, and a confirmation of those privileges which they were acknowledged not to have abused.

It is not long since all order and subordination had well nigh been destroyed among men, and then indeed the College of Physicians, in common with all other corporate bodies, had reason to be more than usually jealous of their rights, in opposition to those plausible and deceitful doctrines of liberty and equality.

"Two things, that always cheat and always please"—which, like an inundation, threatened to level all distinctions, and to undermine the very foundations of society. But in a season when judgment and reason are permitted to resume their just influence, the cause of the College of Physicians will always be identified with the cause of the public. It will be felt that the community have a real and important interest in maintaining a body of men, to whom, as a body, they may confidently defer; who may be competent to superintend the various matters which respect the health of the public; to point out the source of popular diseases; to check their progress; to sanction their remedies; and especially to restrain the ignorant and illiterate, who would not scruple to sacrifice their honour to their emolument, and for this end would defraud the credulous at once of his money and of his health.

If, then, it be a matter of public concern that medicine should hold its rank among liberal professions; if persons that have studied it be more likely to understand it than those who have not; if science and learning have any advantage over rude nature; if they really do, as they profess to do, remove the prejudices and clear the understandings of men, and enable them to judge and to act with readiness and propriety upon subjects removed from common observation; if all this be not mere pretence,—then assuredly in an enlightened age, and in a country inferior to no other in wisdom and good sense, the profession of physic will not be suffered to sink into disrepute; and the College of Physicians, which is, as it were, the heart and life-spring of the whole body, upon which the respectability and well-being of the

several members depends, will continue to be maintained in the full possession of those rights and privileges which it has faithfully exercised for nearly three hundred years, to the manifest advantage of the public.

The following mock address of Socrates to one who thought himself qualified (as some do now) to take a part in politics and affairs of state without having studied them, is too apposite to be omitted.

Παῖ ὁδὸς μὴ πορεύῃ, αἰ ἀνδρὶ Ἀθηναίῳ, τῷ ἰατρικῇ τέχνῃ ἰσχυρῷ, οὐδ' ἔχοντι ὑδνεκαδὸν ἰατρικῇ γινώσκῃ τῶν ἰατρῶν οὐδὲν· διατίτλεται γὰρ φιλομαθὲς αἰ μὴ τοὺς μαθητὰς καὶ κατὰ τὴν ἰατρικὴν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ δόξα μνησθῆναι τῶν τέχνην τῶντων ἱκανὸν εἶναι καὶ τοὺς ἰατρικοὺς ἔργον δοτὶ πειρασμένον γὰρ εἶναι ἀποδείκνυσθαι μάλιστα.—*Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 2, §. 6.*

"I never learned the art of healing from any body, O Athenians, nor have I taken any physician for my instructor; no, I have continued to preserve myself not only from learning any thing from physicians, but even from the appearance of having studied this art at all; yet grant me this medical office which I solicit, and I will endeavour to learn by making trials upon you."

PINE ARTS.

The Mock Election.—We have seen Mr. Haydon's picture of this peculiar and curious subject, in its finished state, and at its place of exhibition in the Egyptian Hall; and we do not hesitate to report our high encomiums upon it as a work of humorous art. It is a bold thing to mention the name of Hogarth; but since Hogarth, we have seen no performance of this class so replete with character, so excellently grouped, and so glowingly coloured. The conception and execution are alike brilliant; and we know not whether entertainment or graver reflections are more likely to be derived from a view of this picture. In its kind, it is what Harlowe's Kemble Family was of its kind—unequalled in our modern school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Mistletoe. Painted by W. Kidd. J. C. Zeitler. Men. J. Bulecek.

At this season of Mistletoe and all its frolics, we ought not to defer our notice of this clever and characteristic print. Two faces, of greater fun and hilarity than are here represented under the Druidical weed, cannot be imagined: the sight of them induces a laugh. It is also a flaring candle-light affair, of the effect of which Wright of Derby might not have been ashamed.

The Larder. G. Stevens; engraved by W. Giller. Same publisher.

ANOTHER jovial Christmas reminiscence. All kinds of game, poultry, vegetables, shew you what the dinners in that house must be, if the cook knows her business. A turkey is a sort of symbol of the grand seignior completely done; a pair of ducks are like the navy (of either side) after the battle of Navarino—the worse for what has happened to them; onions provoke to tears; woodcocks remind you of the long hills of the season;—but altogether there is a satisfactory sensation produced by the skillful display of nature, and the well-posed colours of this *Larder*.

England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A.; with Historic Illustrations, &c. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. III. R. Jennings.

We have pointed attention to the preceding

No. of this charming work, by noticing them with the high praises which their exquisite taste and execution deserved. In choice of subject, delicacy of pencil, and graphic effect, the No. now before us is, to say the least of it, equally worthy of admiration. Bernard Castle, Durham, engraved by R. Wallis, is a delightful specimen of art. The ruined fortress, the ancient bridge, the transparent river, and the picturesque sylvan scenery, compose beautifully, and form altogether a lovely example of English landscape. Saltash is a busy spectacle of shipping, fishing-boats, &c., with the town in the distance; engraved by W. R. Smith. The artist seems to have dashed in his bold, and perhaps rather *outré*, colours, on the figures; and in endeavouring to express them by the burin, there is a hardness of line which, except at a distance, rather offends the eye. Alborough, by E. Goodall, is, on the contrary, all calm, composure, and repose. The gradations of tint melt softly into each other. Oxford may be called a variety of the same class, not quite so pleasing a subject; engraved by R. Brandard. We have only to add, that Mr. Lloyd's descriptive letter-press is as brief, but as satisfactory as heretofore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

WHAT varied musings swell
On the full breast! What varied scenes appear
To Memory's eye, as breathes the closing Year
Its whispers of farewell!

Such thoughts, such scenes arise,
As bear deep lessons to the wav'ring brain;
Fair dreams are chasten'd by the lengthening train
Of dark realities.

Yes—Pleasure's gale has passed
Swiftly around us, fostering gentle flowers,
That bloom not through the chilly winter hours
Beneath Affliction's blast.

But oh! this Earth has not
Delights to lure us 'midst its bowers to stay;
Her loveliest fruits spring up to fade away,
Her joys—to be forgot.

O'er Time's long pathway spread,
The snares of guilt our careless steps await;
Affections cold, which beam'd so warm of late,
And sweet hopes withered.

Yet when along our path
Temptation's shafts are pour'd, or darkest woes,
List we to Reason's voice—'tis Heaven bestows
Sorrrows, but not in wrath.

From them, from them we learn
How frail, how nothingless are earthly joys;
And to high regions, where no worm destroys,
Our noblest hopes to turn. U. L.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1827.

THOSE midnight bells, those midnight bells,
In other hearts may wake a tone
Responsive to their merry change;
But mine is all too lone.

They tell, they tell to him whom hope
With promise cheers, the day draws nigh:
When hope no longer leads us on,
Who cares that years should fly?

To me they tell of bygone times—
Of joyous hours and friendships dear:
Since these are fled beyond recall,
Why mind me such things were?

They tell, they tell a mournful tale:
The sands of life, how fast they run!
Another year of good resolves
Is past—how little done!

Middle Temple.

W. S. W.

A SCOTCH SANG FOR THE SEASON.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"
The Compliments of the Season.

O HERE's to the fair and the dear!
And here's to the far and the near!
While a cordial deep cup to them a' we fill up,
We'll pledge them a happy New Year!

All hail to the Year at its birth!
Adieu to the auld on its bier!
In this may a' mourning be changed into
mirth—

A blithe and a happy New Year!

And here's to the bonniest lass!

Wha that is there's nae ane need spier;
We a' ken fu' brawlie wha's best worth the
glass,

And our wishes—a happy New Year!

And here's to the friends that are met,
To the absent we wish had been here;
And here's to the foe can forgie and forget—
A blithe and a happy New Year!

And they wha the mools are amang,
To their manes and their men's a tear!
Wha has shared o' our cup, and has join'd in
our sang,

When we welcomed a happy New Year!

Here's meikle mair to us ilk Yule,
Ilk Hugmanae fouth o' gude cheer;
And monie a time may we brim the deep bowl
To a blithe and a happy New Year!

O here's to the fair and the dear!
And here's to the far and the near!
While a cordial deep cup to them a' we fill up,
We'll pledge them a happy New Year!

FITZJOHN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE—NO. VII.

Rouse not a Sleeping Weaver.

It is by no means rare, even now-a-days, to hear a worthy but eccentric divine rouse some heavy and overladen hearer from a comfortable nap, by thundering out awful and soul-harrowing threatenings of the punishments in store for the careless sinner, who sacrilegiously allows himself to sink under the influence of the leaden god. In this priest-ridden country, such terrible denunciations are invariably received with a humble acquiescence, the startled culprit gaping at his offended pastor with a ludicrously stolid and demi-complacent stare. In this respect John Bull is a better boy than his brother Sawney, who is always determined, maugre time or place, to have the last word of *flyin'*, if he possibly can. A memorable instance of the truth of the latter assertion occurred, not many years ago, in a certain town in the bonny shire of Ayr. An honest weaver, who occupied a most *hospitable* bottom room in the front left, had long been obnoxious to the congregation, as an habitual worshipper of Morpheus. He generally contrived to keep himself awake until the text was announced; when, as if he could dream the rest, down he sunk, as fast as a nail in the Tolbooth door. This at length became most intolerably annoying; for what was pleasurable repose to him, was none to the congregation, since his oblivious state was forcibly indicated by a variety of melodious notes, somewhat less loud than those of an enraged bull. Such conduct, besides setting a grievous example to others, seemed to evince an absolute contempt for religious ordinances. The minister sent two elders to remonstrate with the slumbering wunner on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour. "I canna help it, sir," said John; "I'm a hard-

working man a' the week, but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and our minister weel, unless ye ca' the head off me, I canna keep ma een open." "Weel then, John, if ye will allow Satan to exercise his power over you in this dovering dwamming way in the very kirk itself, what gars you sit in the front laft, where a' body amais sees you? Can you no tak a back seat, and there your sin will be less seen and heard." "Tak a back seat?" said John; "na, na, I'll never quat my cozie corner;—my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my father, a' sat there, and there sit will John, come o't what will!" The elders, with heavy hearts, returned to the minister, and reported the stubborn, truculent, and unchristian-like behaviour of the incorrigibly drowsy wabster. "Let him alone," replied the worthy man; "I think the best way to cure him of his sinful malady, is to affront him—he is a poor, but proud creature; I'll rebuke him before the whole congregation." Next Sabbath forenoon, the text was hardly given out, when, as usual, down sinks John, and begins to serenade his neighbours with, if possible, more than his accustomed *berr*s. "Sit up, John Thomson!" cried the minister, with a loud and ear-splitting voice. "I'm no sleeping, sir," quoth John. "O John, John, can you tell what I said last?" "Ou ay, sir; ye said, *Sit up, John Thomson!*"

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—Among the pleasing and instructive sights which at present court the visits of the young holiday inhabitants of the metropolis, we ought to mention to them the Zoological Museum, in the Egyptian Hall. Here is an extensive and admirable collection of birds, animals, insects, reptiles, shells, &c. &c. in every branch of natural history. From contemplating these, much useful knowledge is to be acquired in a very short time; and correct ideas are fixed on the mind, in a way superior to what is done by mere pictures or descriptions. There are, besides, a number of curiosities from all quarters of the globe; and an assemblage of Chinese manufactures (for sale), which complete a museum of great variety and interest.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THIS theatre was advertised to open to-night, and we believe all was prepared for the occasion; but in consequence of Mr. Laurent not having returned from Paris, the Lord Chamberlain sent his commands on Thursday to forbid the opening. On the other hand, the proprietors are in a dilemma; for they looked for their tenant, and his deposit of 4000*l.* which was, according to agreement, to have been deposited by the 1st of January; and are, in their turn, disappointed by his non-appearance. The concern is apparently in great confusion.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday night Mr. Mathews made his first appearance this season, in the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* and *Buskin*. We were happy to see a well-filled house, the consequence, beyond a doubt, of the junction of talent. The public seemed gratified by again beholding their two favourites together; and both pieces went off with as much effect as the intolerable noise of the galleries would permit. The song of *Short Stages*, introduced by Mathews, partly from the latter circumstance perhaps, passed off without an encore; but his

duet with Liston was irresistible, and extorted that compliment even from the impatient and uncomfortable gods. What crime has Great Britain committed, that it is the only empire in Europe where the theatres are cursed with uproarious galleries?—where any half-dozen blackguards, who can muster up twelve half-pence each, are permitted to annoy and insult some thousand respectable persons, who, from the local situation of the offenders, have no possible means of quelling the nuisance themselves, and are unprotected by the proper authorities.

COVENT GARDEN.

Love in a Village, or at least what is now called so, was performed here yesterday week, for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Wood, pupil of Mr. Phillips, to a metropolitan audience, in the character of *Hawthorn*. His voice is a baritone, and he possesses the rare quality of distinct articulation,—the which novelty, added to some taste, produced a very pleasing effect, particularly in the beautiful song, "My Dolly is the fairest thing." His manners are unaffected, and his action natural. He sung the songs of the opera, and those only; and on the whole, we rather like him. Where there is modesty there is generally talent; and we have no doubt Mr. Wood will improve vastly upon acquaintance. Mr. Sapio favoured us with an Irish melody to the words of a song from *Oscar and Malvina*; and Miss Hughes tried "Lo here the gentle lark!" which had no business there.

On Tuesday evening the *Marriage of Figaro* was repeated; and Madame Sala achieved her second appearance in the *Countess*. We made a point of attending, feeling convinced, from the insertion of a letter from Madame Vestris in the papers of Monday and Tuesday, that something comical would occur. Her letter was a sensible one; at least we are bound to say so, as it repeated the very arguments we had urged in her favour a fortnight ago; but the time chosen for its appearance we do not think equally judicious, as it was certain to create a disturbance. Accordingly, when the *Countess* desired *Susannah* to sing, instead of the *Page*, *Susannah* "begged to be excused;" and immediately the cry of "Song! song!" "I've been roaming," &c. arose from some of those worthy persons "who thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;" to whom the cause is nothing—the *row* every thing. Bless their "sweet voices." The demand, however, was not complied with, and the opera proceeded; but scarcely had the curtain fallen on the *Marriage of Figaro*, when the hubbub recommenced—Heaven knows wherefore; and the interlude of the *Scape Goat* was not permitted to succeed it till Mr. Faucett came forward, still in his gardener's dress, and quietly asked what the ladies and gentlemen wanted? "The song was not in the opera—it was not announced in the bill; nevertheless, if it was their pleasure, of course it should be sung," &c. &c.; and sure enough "I've been roaming" was sung, and so ended the farce of *Susannah* and the *Elders*.^{*} We had nearly forgotten to say, that Mad. Sala's performance displayed more self-possession, and consequently more ability. The *Letter Duet* was sweetly sung and loudly encored.[†]

^{*} Madame Vestris omitted, also, the song of "What can a poor maiden do?" but no notice was taken of it by the audience.

[†] Since our exposure of the bribery and corruption going forward in the musical world, we have been amused by the appearance of some letters in the *Morning Post*, whose writers seem suddenly to have

ADELPHI THEATRE.

WE hasten to redeem our promise to the minors, of which the first in rank and in merit is the Theatre Naval, Adelphi. The entertainment provided for the Christmas holiday-makers at this snug little temple of laughter, is entitled *Harlequin and the White Mouse, or the Frog in an Opera Hat*; and in all the true points of pantomime far surpasses its rivals, both great and little, metropolitan and transatlantic. The tricks have much whim and novelty; the pantomimic company is active and entertaining (Paulo is, perhaps, the best clown now on the stage); the scenery, machinery, and dresses, beautiful and ingenious, beyond what we could have imagined the space and resources of the theatre would admit. "The Palace of the Green Swamp," "Madgalore Marsh," "The Interior of Mouse's Hall," "Farrier's Shop and distant Country," all by Tomkins, are well conceived and executed. "The Hammersmith Suspension Bridge," by Pitt, is creditable to so young an artist; but his "Temple of the Glow-worms" is a misnomer, and we think a good idea has been lost. It is gay enough as a scene, but it is not a temple of glow-worms. The great charm of the pantomime, however, to us, is the opening, cleverly arranged by Mr. Buckstone, from the fine old ballad of the *Frog in the Opera Hat*, one of the most moral and affecting pieces of lyrical poetry in the language. Had it appeared originally in a collection of *Metrical Romances*, or a volume of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, instead of being ushered into the world by a comic singer at Astley's, it would not have been left to our humble pen to pay this tardy tribute to its merits. We cannot resist the temptation to gratify our readers by a slight "retrospective review" of this extraordinary production, out of place, as we acknowledge such a notice may seem in the theatrical portion of our *Gazette*; but from its first publication to the present moment it has been identified with the drama of our country, to which, through the ingenuity of Mr. Buckstone, it is likely to become as great an ornament as it has ever been, in our opinion, to its literature. How simply grand is the commencement!

"A frog he would a wooing go."

As Dryden says of the *Æneid*—"Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:"

"Arma virumque cano, Troje qui primus ab oris," &c.

Like Virgil, he dashes at once into the subject, and introduces you to his hero—

"A frog he would a wooing go—

Heigho, says Rowley.

Whether his mother would let him or no,

With a Rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley."

How much is here told in two or three lines! The birth, parentage, life, character, and behaviour, of the Frog, are instantly before you. Volumes could not more clearly develop his previous history. The fact is established, that he had a mother ("an ugly old toad," according to the bill)—a prudent parent, who foresaw the misery likely to accrue from an unequal marriage, and vainly exerted her eloquence and her authority to avert the impending danger.

"Si quam voles apte nubere, nube par!"

saith Ovid; and so, doubtless, in her own language, said the anxious old lady. But her

made a similar discovery, and were, of course, perfectly unconscious that we had noticed it. Provided, however, the desired explosion takes place, we care very little how many torches are applied to the train.

hop-ful offspring was deaf to all remonstrance. Like the young man in Ballinacra, "he wanted a wife to make him *unasy*." Have one he would, "whether his mother would let him or no." The temerity of the Frog, and his contempt for the maternal injunction, instantly arrest your attention and excite your alarm. You feel that no good can come of such disobedience; and the simple but pathetic burden, "Heigho, says Rowley," prepares you for an awful catastrophe without destroying the interest by too marked an allusion to its nature. Shakespeare has put a similar burden in the mouths of many of his characters.

"When that I was but a little tiny boy,
With a hey-ho, and the wind and the rain."

Twelfth Night.

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino."

As You Like It.

But a more apposite instance will be found in the old ballad of the *Cruel Brother*, or the *Bride's Testament*, which runs in this style:

"He has ta'en a knife baith lang and sharp,
With a heigho and a lily gay,
And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"There," as a modern writer has eloquently expressed it, "you have the world of nature and the world of man, as awfully and mournfully contrasted as they ever were by poet. Youth, beauty, love, blushes, gay attire, wedding, murder, and the winding-sheet,—these shift rapidly before you, yet there is nature, constant, gay, sweet, unchanging." The writer was certainly unacquainted with the existence of our ballad, for this chequered feeling is still more admirably portrayed in its second verse.

"Off he set with his opera hat;
Heigho, says Rowley!"

Here is contrast, if you will! Observe the gaiety and devil-may-care-ishness of the first line, and the tender melancholy of the second! It goes to the heart, like the descent of Corporal Trim's hat. There is something inexpressibly touching in the gentle aspiration of the affectionate Anthony Rowley!

"On the road," continues the ballad, "he met with a rat." But defying augury, he proceeds on his journey, and

"They soon arrive at the mouse's hall. Heigho, &c.
They gave a loud rap, and they gave a loud call."

His speedy arrival will remind the classical reader of the *facilis descensus Avernus*, and the tautology of the last line is in the true style of metrical romance.

"Miss Mouse, are you within?" Heigho, &c.
Yes, kind sir, and I'm sitting to spin."

What can be more perfect than this couplet? The maiden modesty of the mouse is exquisitely displayed in her delicate answer. She does not forwardly invite the ardent lover to enter her hall: she simply acknowledges that she is within; and even qualifies that avowal, by stating, in the same breath, that she is engaged in domestic duties. "Yes, kind sir, and I'm sitting to spin." The very employment is admirably adapted to the situation, as it is of all others, perhaps, that at which most love tales have been listened to; while, at the same time, the wheel is emblematic of the mutability of Fortune, and the woof and spindle of the eternal occupation of the Fatal sisters three, one of whom at that moment had already extended her cruel shears to sever the fragile thread of existence. The incident recalls to our recollection the passage in Southey's *Thalaba*.

"He found a woman in the cave—
A solitary woman;
Who by the fire was spinning,
And singing as she spun."

She bade him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
And singing as she spun," &c.

The banquet is served—all is happiness and festivity—when,

"As they were in glee and in merry making,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in."

Here comes the catastrophe indeed! or the cat's *strophe*, whichever the reader pleases. Some commentators object to the imperfect rhyme of this couplet, and contend that it should be written, "a cat and her kittens came in tumbling." We protest, however, against the inversion, and consider the supreme contempt evinced for the mere jingle of words a sovereign proof of the high poetical spirit of the author. But that is the slightest merit of the verse. What a lesson does it read us of the vanity of human enjoyments—of the uncertain tenure of our lives—of the sword that hangs over our heads in our gayest moments. While "they were in glee and in merry making," was the time chosen by the moral bard to wreck sudden and general destruction upon the whole heedless party!

"The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley;
And the kittens they pulled the little mouse down"

naturally enough. For "chi da gatta nasce sciorio piglia;" and the Frog, "in a terrible fright," puts on his opera hat, and makes the best of his way from the scene of carnage. But, alas! "who can control his fate?" The awful consequences of filial disobedience are ready to fall upon the guilty Frog! Poetical and moral justice appear in the shape of "a lily-white duck," who, as "Froggy is crossing it over a brook," comes, and, to use the powerful expression of the ballad, "gobbles him up!" To head-strong brats a terrible example!

"And here was an end to one, two, and three,

Heigho, says Rowley:
The rat, and the mouse, and the little froggy,
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!"

The introduction of the familiar images of "gammon and spinnage" amidst such frightful devastation adds a ludicrous horror to the scene, which greatly heightens its general effect, and reminds us of the grotesque but terrible creations of "hellish Breugel." The gammon and spinnage rise upon our mental stomachs! and the words "Rowley, powley," seem to the excited imagination to rumble like approaching thunder! To conclude—we do not covet the heart or understanding of that being who can rise from the perusal of this little ballad unaffected by its incidents, and unimpressed by the important truths it conveys; and we earnestly recommend all parents to hasten with their children, of whatever ages, to the dress circle, or the family boxes, of the Adelphi, where these "moving accidents by flood and field" are represented in the most captivating form, and the salutary powder of instruction administered in the currant jelly of amusement.

The day fixed for the opening of the English Opera House with the French company is Monday, the 14th inst.

Mr. Charles Kemble has left London to perform a few nights at Sheffield and Hull.

French Theatres.—The following is a statement of the receipts at the various theatres in Paris, during the month of November last:—

Académie Royale de	32,495	Francs; or about £1,354
Musique	41,151	1,714
Théâtre-Français	46,472	1,936
Opéra-Comique	31,431	1,300
Théâtre-Italien and		
Théâtre-Anglais		
United		

Odéon	25,872	1,074
Théâtre de Madame	38,002	2,417
Vaudeville	49,189	2,060
Nouveautés	36,633	1,506
Variétés	38,339	1,618
Galté	27,680	1,132
Porte Saint-Martin	37,203	1,500
Cirque-Olympique	51,632	2,151

It thus appears, that the greatest receipt was at the Théâtre de Madame; and, after that, at two of the minor theatres,—the Cirque-Olympique and the Vaudeville.

VARIETIES.

Taste.—Donnelly, the Irish pugilist (remembered as Sir Daniel), when asked by a novice in his science what was the best way to learn to fight? replied, "Och, sir, there's no use in life in a man's learning to fight, unless nature gave him a bit of a taste for it."

Montesquieu.—This extraordinary man, whose death was deplored by Lord Chesterfield as that of a great statesman, was considered in France merely as an eloquent dreamer. His high qualities are much better appreciated by his countrymen in the present day. So disgusted was Montesquieu with the place which he held in society during his life, that having understood from a person to whom he had confided the education of his son, that the boy evinced great aptitude of conception, and inclination to write, he exclaimed, in alarm, "What! he will be like myself, only an original, a man of letters, a worthless fellow!"

Earthquake.—A slight shock of earthquake was experienced at Lisbon on the morning of the 13th ult.

Expeditions.—Lieutenants Tams and E. Rogier are appointed to the Hecla, Captain T. Boteler, and bound for the survey of the coasts of Africa.

Tame Crocodile.—At Chantilly there is a crocodile so tame and well-disposed, that he is caressed with impunity by the keeper, who endeavours (although, as may easily be supposed, not often with success,) to induce visitors to follow his example.

Egypt.—M. Riffaud, who has been employed for two-and-twenty years in exploring the coast of Spain, the Islands in the Mediterranean, Turkey, and, above all, Egypt, Nubia, and Tuscany; and who resided for several years at Thebes, has returned to France with a very curious and interesting collection, composed of statues, and of drawings of subjects of natural history, botany, and architecture. The number of statues discovered by M. Riffaud is sixty-six. His drawings comprehend—first, 500 of coloured plants, from Nubia and Higher and Lower Egypt, accompanied by valuable notes; secondly, 150 of the fish, insects, and shells, of the Nile; thirdly, 1000 of quadrupeds, reptiles, birds, and insects, of Nubia, Lybia, and Higher and Lower Egypt; fourthly, a series, representing the antiquities of Nubia and Egypt, plans of the monuments still standing, and 160 hieroglyphic inscriptions. M. Riffaud has also brought to Europe a variety of instruments of agriculture and surgery, costumes, jewels, and other personal ornaments; topographical plans, meteorological observations, and a very elaborate and minute journal.

Asthma.—A Dr. Chierenti, in America, affirms, that he can effectually cure asthma (unless it proceeds from organic alteration), by inflating the lungs copiously with atmospheric air. He uses bellows; and thus, as he says, not only prevents the fit, but eradicates the disease.

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